THE THEATRE

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MME. SIMONE

The distinguished French actress who makes her first appearance in America this season under the management of Messrs. Liebler. Mme. Simone will play in English, which she speaks perfectly, and will be first seen on October 23 in Rostand's play "Princess Lontaine," the English title of which is "The Lady of Dreams"

Mr. Sothern

Miss Ware

Miss Starr

Mr. Dodson

Mr. Warfield

Mr. Arliss

Miss Barrymore

Mrs. Fiske

OPENING DRAMATIC

Miss Marlowe

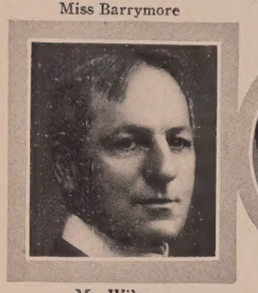
THE managerial announcements for the new theatrical season are unusually promising, many of the plays scheduled for production having the record of success abroad, or having already received approval in this country in preparation for their submission to New York audiences. Of recent years our managers have become very careful of their productions; and while, no doubt, there will be a number of failures, as usual, the season seems to be secure with many novelties and plays of great excellence. The challenge for native plays of superior merit has been answered by every American dramatist of promise. The predominance of activity seems, indeed, to be with our own dramatists, except that in musical comedy foreign authors and musicians are unusually well represented. Many of the plays that achieved success last season will be continued for a while with the original players, but a new play is held in reserve in almost every such case.

Maude Adams will be seen again in "Chantecler" in New York, and will tour in Rostand's work until next year. The natural demand for this play outside of New York will permit of no other arrangement; but when Miss Adams plays in Manhattan she will give a number of matinees, which Mr. Charles Frohman announces as "Maude Adams' Afternoons with J. M. Barrie." One of the three short plays to be used is called "A Little Play;" another is entitled "Judy;" the third is still unnamed.

Early in September, at the Empire Theatre, John Drew will open in a new comedy called "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies. Ethel Barrymore will follow Mr. Drew at the same theatre in a new play by A. E. Mason called "The Witness for the Defense." Billie Burke's new play, in which she is to appear in September, is a four-act comedy called "The Runaways," by Pierre Veber, adapted by Michael Morton. Marie Doro will have "The Butterfly on the Wheel," a four-act play which is now running at the Globe Theatre, London. Hattie Williams has a new comedy. Madame Nazimova, who has come under the management of Charles Frohman, will have two plays, one by a new American playwright and the other a modern comedy from the French. Mr. Frohman will also give us Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's newest play, "Preserving Mr. Panmure." This manager has many other interesting plays scheduled for production. Among them are a new comedy by Augustus Thomas; a play by Porter Emerson Browne, called "Sex;" a play by Thompson Buchanan, and another by A. E. Thomas. He also has a play by Winchell Smith, a comedy by Martha Morton, a new drama by William Gillette, and plays by Hall Caine, Haddon Chambers, Henri Bernstein, and a new comedy by Messrs. Caillavet and de Flers, entitled "What Woman Wills." Haddon Chambers' play, "Passersby," which has been running at Wyndham's Theatre in London, will be seen at the Criterion in September.

One of the most elaborate productions of the season, which, if successful, should bring prosperity to the Century Theatre, will be "The Garden of Allah," a play made from Robert Hichens' well-known novel. This piece has been under consideration by various managers for several years, and Messrs. Liebler have taken unusual care to ensure an adequate setting, scenic artists and stage-managers having been sent all the way to the Sahara to obtain the desired effects. Lewis Waller, the well-known English romantic actor, has been engaged for the rôle of Androvsky, the monk, and will make his first appearance in America.

Among the numerous plays to be produced by the Messrs. Shubert, many excite special interest from the prominence of the authors. There are "Fannie's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw; "Bunty Pulls the Strings," a new Scotch play, which will be presented with the original Scotch company in New York; "Sarah," by Douglas Murray; "Balthazar," by the author of "Zaza;" "The House of Dances," a piece done in Paris by Mlle. Polaire; "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," new comedy; "Next," a new farce by Rida Johnson Young; "Fine Feathers," by Eugene Walter; "The Warning," drama by Arthur J. Eddy; "Romance," a new play by Edward Sheldon; "Won't You Walk Into My Parlor?" by Cosmo Gordon Lennox; "Who's Who," new comedy; "The Glass House" and "The Sin Register," both farces by Charlotte Thompson; "The Masked Venus," by Gaston Rondier; "Who Owns Helen?" "Wireless Telegraphy." "Papa's Mama," "The Dirigible Airship," "A Thousand Dollars," "The Best People," "A Modern Mar-



Mr. Wilson

Mr. Drew

Miss Anglin

Mr. Collier

Miss Tempest

Miss Allen

. Bellew

Mr. Faversham

Mr. Hackett

Miss Lipman

Miss Doro

Mr. Mantell

OF THE SEASON

Miss Adams

Mme. Nazimova

Miss Burke

Mr. Skinner

Mr. Mann

riage," and "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst, with Charles Richman in the leading rôle.

Mrs. Fiske's two plays are new. One of them is by Langdon Mitchell, entitled "The New Marriage;" the other is "The War of Souls," by Paul Hyacinthe, son of the well-known French preacher. Mr. Fiske, with associates in management, will produce, at the New Amsterdam or the Knickerbocker, Edward Knoblauch's Oriental play, "Kismet." This play has an interesting history in that it is the work of an American author, who had to find a production for it in London. Apart from the fine spiritual qualities which it is said to possess, it is largely spectacular, and the promise is made that the production will far surpass the one made in London, where it gained great success.

David Belasco promises a number of interesting plays. "The Woman," by William C. De Mille, will be presented by Mr. Belasco at the Republic Theatre on September 18th. Another of Mr. Belasco's productions is "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley. David Warfield will come to the Belasco Theatre on October 17th with his strange new play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." Nance O'Neil, after two seasons in "The Lily," will appear in a new drama fitted to her emotional qualities. Frances Starr will have a new play by an American author, the title of which is not yet disclosed. Blanche Bates will carry "Nobody's Widow" on tour, and "The Concert" also goes on tour.

Miss George

Margaret Anglin will appear in repertoire at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre in a succession of important plays, of which at least two, namely, Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion" and "Green Stockings," are new. John Mason will go on tour with "As a Man Thinks;" Holbrook Blinn will take out "The Boss," but later will be seen here in a new play by Edward Sheldon. Lawrence D'Orsay will return to his quaint part in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Sothern and Marlowe will continue in their exclusive Shakespearian repertoire. Robert Mantell will give Shakespearian plays until about January, when he will produce "Charlemagne the Conqueror," by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Grace George will head the stock company which W. A. Brady plans to keep at the Playhouse permanently, "The Earth," a play by James B. Fagan, being the opening attraction. Miss George will also make an elaborate production of Shakespeare's charming comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."

Mr. Lackaye

With these few exceptions, and, no doubt, occasional revivals, the season will be filled with novelty. Rose Stahl opens her season, August 31st, at the Harris Theatre in "Maggie Pepper," which has been prepared for this public by a number of performances before reaching New York.

Early in the season George Arliss will come to Wallack's with "Disraeli," in which his character part of the great English statesman is said to be eminently satisfactory. Wilton Lackaye will be seen in "The Stranger." Elsie Ferguson will begin her season early in October in "Dolly Madison," and will come to New York in November. Henry Kolker will appear in "The Great Name," in which he has won considerable success in Chicago. Kyrle Bellew will come to New York the first of the year in a new play.

Fritzi Scheff

Otis Skinner will be seen in "Kismet," and later in a new play by A. E. Thomas. W. H. Crane will have his choice of two American comedies. Francis Wilson has a new comedy called "The Magic Ring." James K. Hackett will have two new plays, one by the author of "The World and His Wife," and the other by James B. Fagan. William Faversham has a new play by Edward Sheldon, which is said to be ambitious in theme. Robert Edeson will open his season in "The Cave Man," a comedy by Gilette Burgess. "A Man of Honor," written by Isaac Landman, is the new play for Edmund Breese. Blanche Walsh will have a new play, in which she will open out of town about October 15th. Helen Ware has a drama by George Broadhurst, entitled "The Price," in which she will be seen in New York late in November. Viola Allen's new play is by Louis M. Parker, whose play of last season, "Pomander Walk," was such a triumph of delicate fancy and sentiment. Gertrude Elliot will come to New York in "Rebellion," by Joseph Medill Patterson. Clara Lipman's new play, "It Depends on the Woman," was written by herself. Marguerite Clark, who has signed a three-year contract with William A. Brady, will be seen in a new comedy by Owen

Mrs. Campbell

Davis, called, "When All the World Was Young." William Collier has a new comedy called "Taking My Advice." Tom Wise and John Barrymore will be seen in Anne Caldwell's new American play, entitled "Uncle Sam."

Douglas Fairbanks will open the season at the Playhouse with "A Gentleman of Leisure," by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse. Frank McIntyre will make his début as a star at the Hudson Theatre in a new comedy called "Snobs," by George Bronson Howard. "A Modern Marriage," in which Cyril Scott will appear, is an adaptation from the German by Harrison Rhodes. Theodore Roberts will have a new comedy drama by Rupert Hughes, entitled "Sadie." Louis Mann's tour will open with "Elevating a Husband." Dustin Farnum and William Farnum open their season in "The Littlest Rebel," by Edward Peple. Minnie Dupree will have a new play, as also will William Courtney.

Sarony

HATTIE WILLIAMS
Will be seen in a new comedy early in October

Among other plays which will be seen during the winter are: "The Right to Love," by Jules Eckert Goodman; "In God's Country," by Hayden Talbot; "The Fox," Lee Arthur's detective mystery play; "White Magic," "The Affair in the Barracks," "The Arab," by Edgar Selwyn, "The Wild Olive," "Dame Nature," "The Antelope," "The Greyhound," "The Weakling," by Guy F. Bragdon; "The O'Flynn," and "What the Doctor Ordered," this last a comedy by A. E. Thomas.

Blanche Ring will be seen in a new musical comedy, entitled "The Wall Street Girl." Sam Bernard will continue in "He Came from Milwaukee," but will have a new piece early in the new year. James T. Powers will be seen in a new piece to replace "Havana," in which he has been so successful for the past three seasons. Julian Eltinge will come to New York on September 11 with "The Fascinating Widow," in which he has made a success. Eddie Foy will be seen in a new musical play entitled "The Pet of the Petticoats." Lillian Russell will have either "The Opera Ball" or "Her Majesty Mimi." Lew Fields will produce "The Wife Hunters" at the Herald Square, and Lillian Herlein, who was so successful in "The Rose of Algeria," will be seen in "The Never Homes." George M. Cohan will return to the stage in a new play by himself, entitled "The Little Millionaire." DeWolf Hopper will be seen in revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan works, which are announced as "The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival." "Jingaboo," a musical farce by Leo Ditrichstein, will be given in October.

The list of musical productions is long. Henry W. Savage is making elaborate plans for a production in English of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." For the rôle of Johnson he is bringing here Icilio Calleya, a marvelous tenor, and Irma Delossy, a wonderful dramatic soprano. Other early productions to be made by Mr. Savage are "Little Boy Blue," which is a musical comedy adapted from the German of Rudolph Schanzer and Karl Lindau, with music by Henry Bereny. This will be produced in New York in October, and is scheduled to make as big a sensation as "The Merry Widow." Other pieces are: "Le Million," "Somewhere Else," a new musical comedy by Avery Hopwood, "The Grape Girl," "The Prince's Child," "Baron-Good-for-Nothing," "The Summer's Folly," and "Weeping Josephine."

Among the Shuberts' long list of musical offerings are "The Gypsy Coaster," which is being adapted by Leonard Liebling; "The Astrologer," by Robert Schanzer, and music by Robert Leonard; "The Cloak Model," "Der Ledige Gatte," "The Prima Ballerina," "The Fortunate Fool," "The Kiss Waltz," the cast of which includes Charles Bigelow, Robert Warwick, Eva Davenport, Sallie Fisher, and others well

(Continued on page x)

White

Frank Mills, Marion Kerby, Henrietta Crosman
Act. 1. Jess (Miss Crosman) finds Olive in the arms of Dick
SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY "THE REAL THING" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

CRITERION. "The Girl of My Dreams." Musical play in two acts. Book by Wilbur Nesbit and Otto Hauerbach. Music by Karl Hoschna. Produced Aug. 7 with this cast:

Pidgeon Williams, Harold Forbes; Socrates Primmer, Percival Aylmer; Charlotte (a maid), Dorothy Wilcock; Carolyn (Cuddle) Swifton, Carrie Bowman; Tucker, Joseph Harris; Harry Swifton, John Hyams; Generalissimo Bombastino, Edouard Durand; Count Von Schnigglefits, Irving Brooks; Helen Bombastino, Henrietta Lee; Phineas Medders, Ray L. Royce; Lucy Medders, Leila McIntyre; Daphne Daffington, Alice Hills.

If there were a Pure Dramatic Food Law, one of the first questions that would have to be decided would be, What is American musical comedy? It would have to be ascertained what substitute the authors and managers were using in the place of common sense, and whether deleterious or not. There is no doubt that they contain some of the elements that used to be thought essential to pieces of this kind, but some of the symptoms produced in the minds of the audience, such as a confusion of judgment, as to what it is all about, makes it reasonable to suppose that some of the ingredients are harmful. It certainly is somewhat astonishing that two men could collaborate on what is called "the Book" and not be able to make the story comprehensible.

Here is a case in which three fashionable hats, in as many boxes, are sent to three different women, in consequence of which they hide in various rooms, one of them finally getting into an upstairs room, from which she is sought to be released by means of a ladder. Her husband is a Frenchman, who carries a sword cane, and, to all appearances, but not to all intents, is a dangerous character. But he is a mere fiction of the stage. There are various toxic ingredients in the play, and some of the groups of dancers seem to have partaken of the insane root. The logic of the piece lies in their supple legs. In one of the numbers, "Dear Little Games of Guessing," they tumble all over the floor.

Some of these dances are very attractive, for in our analysis of the thing, while we might find a trace of humor, we would confidently and scientifically give 60% to the youth and vitality of the girls who lend themselves to all sorts of costumes and colors. It is only by means of a card index of the various devices of the ballet master that any intelligent account of the dancing could be conveyed. Some of the tricks seem to be new, while others we have often seen before. We never tire of them. If the suggestion that $3.00 is to be the charge in the future for entertainment of this kind, the public will respond only because of that 60% which we mention and which is universally understood.

Some of the songs are very good, "O-o-h! Maybe It's a Robber," showing Miss Leila McIntyre to her best advantage. She is a sweet person, who is at her best when she is pretending sentiment or fright or any of the emotions. She is a valid feature of the comic opera (query: What is comic opera? which for the present is sufficiently answered in her presence as the girl of our dreams). It is neither here nor there, the phrase not seeming to be entirely apt, to say that she is the wife of Mr. John Hyams, who, in his official capacity in the play, is described as an all-round good fellow. This he seems to be, and we offer this description as the best critical account we can give of him. He has one song, "I Am Ready to Quit and Be Good," which he sings with the Bachelor Boys. The song is much applauded, but the sense, or the occasion for it, and the fitness of the music of it, are mysterious.

There are Quaker girls and girls of many kinds. It is a stage-land opera. It can be readily said of it that its chorus is made up of the girls of our dreams; otherwise it owes its passing success to its ballet master and stage-manager. The stage-manager is Mr. Frank Smithson, who should receive ten times the remuneration that is probably given to the two authors of the "Book."

Davis and Sanford

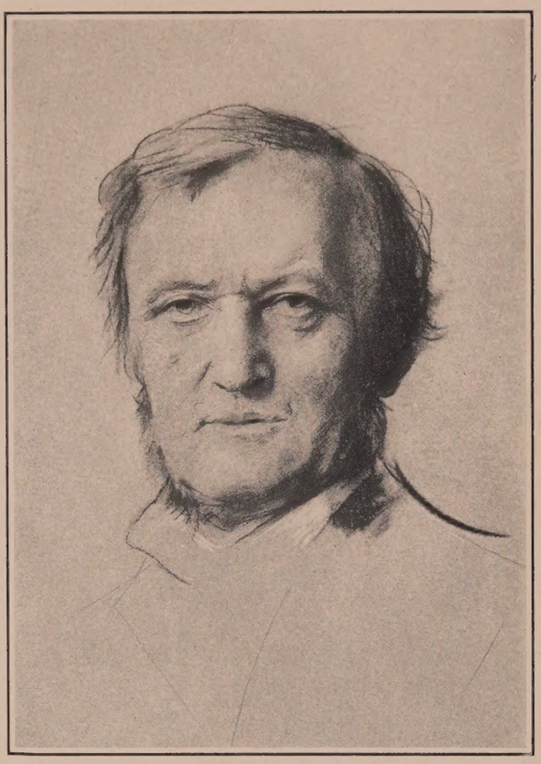
LUCY WESTON
Will play the title role in "The Quaker Girl"

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "The Real Thing." Comedy in 3 acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced August 10 with this cast:

Richard Grayson.....Frank Mills
Kate Grayson.....Minnie Dupree
Jack.....Mac Macomber
Dorothy.....Alliene Morrison
Olive Wycoff.....Marion Kerby
Jess Lorraine.....Henrietta Crosman
Tom Bradley.....Albert Brown

With a personality of compelling charm, a comedy technic unsurpassed on the stage of to-day, Miss Henrietta Crosman is persistently unfortunate in the selection of the mediums for the display of her admirable art. Here is a comedienne whose methods are as magnetic, as buoyant and as artlessly convincing as those of Ellen Terry. She should be a veritable fixture in the metropolis, yet her visits are short and far between, and all for want of a good, suitable vehicle. The "every-day comedy" with which she opened her season at the Maxine Elliott Theatre is called "The Real Thing." It is hardly that. It has some merit and reveals promise on the part of its author, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, but it has not the enduring *(Continued on page xi)*

Richard Wagner as He Saw Himself



RICHARD WAGNER

TWO bulging volumes, crammed to their capacity with intimate, interesting details of a great man, written of himself by himself—this is a terse description of "My Life," by Richard Wagner, translated into English and recently published by Dodd, Mead & Company. The existence of this work has been known for a long time, for an even dozen copies were privately and secretly printed years ago and given for perusal to the most inner circle of Wagner intimates and disciples. Wagner had dictated this, relying on copious notes in his diary, to his wife, Cosima, and, so it is hinted, to his royal patron, the late King Ludwig II of Bavaria. This manuscript was then set into type by French compositors, strangers to the German language, and afterward twelve copies were privately printed and the type forms then destroyed. This explains the secrecy which has attached itself to the work. But now it has been given to the public, both in German and English.

It is not often that a great man so completely bares his character for the benefit of the reading world. Wagner may have argued logically that by the time this work would reach publicity he himself would be a demigod of art, and that, being also dead, the world at large would welcome even these unlovely glimpses into his character and would forgive everything for the sake of the wonderful heritage of music dramas that he has left the world. If that was his argument, he did not err.

A careful and sane reading of these two interesting books will not decrease any one's love for Wagner's great operas and music dramas. Nor will it serve in any way to increase the reader's admiration for Wagner, the man. But it may again pose that moot question: What has a great man's art to do with his private life? Wagner's art is huge—his private life was for a great part detestable.

As a lad he was no better than most boys—he even drowned a litter of puppies (which will be a great shock to some of his sentimental admirers who believed that his love for animals was a keynote to his finer nature). He was an unsatisfactory pupil at school; he soon learned to drink copiously; he associated with the lowest sets during his student days; he escaped duels only because his adversaries died or something; he gambled, and was generally about as debauched a specimen as even a reformer might seek for the purpose of an example. His own mother and his sisters refused to have any more to do with him, after he had worried them frantic by his escapades, one of which consisted in risking his mother's pension money in a gambling house.

For pages and pages his own narrative of his sordid and dispiriting life suggests to the reader that some good, old-fashioned chastisement might have been in order, but then one recoils with a start from the idea of anyone spanking the future composer of "The Ring!"

Later he pulled himself together and earned a precarious living as conductor at smaller theatres and opera houses. And he does not hesitate to paint moral conditions of these stages in the blackest possible hue. It was in this period that he met and loved the actress, Minna Planer, who became his first wife, and who bore with him patiently during his long period of poverty. There appears to have been, according to his own printed words, no reason why he should have really married Minna, save that he was desperately head over heels in love with her at the time—and yet he prints a lengthy record of this poor woman's life, her indiscretions, a list of her cavaliers. That he might have spared her. Everyone who ever has had any interest in Wagner biographies knows that Minna was not a saint, but she cooked for the great man, washed for him and ran his household during troublous times. And for that alone he might have kept his tar brush off her past.

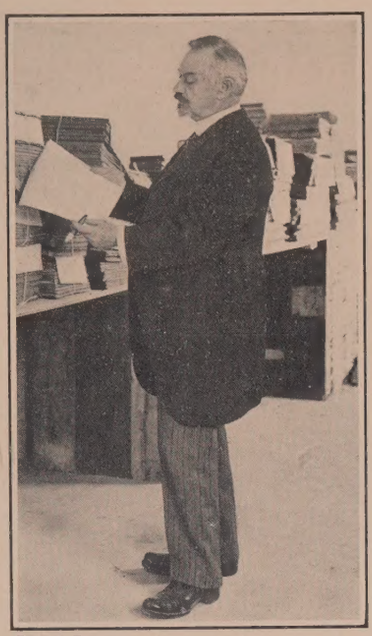
And, oddly enough, on the other hand, this autobiography is quite lacking in detail about the affair between Wagner and Mme. Wesendonck—a love affair which as fruit bore "Tristan and Isolde," and which is rehearsed in explicit tenderness in the Wagner-Wesendonck letters published but a few years ago. The chief impression the reader gets by the mention in the autobiography of the Wagner-Wesendonck love affair is that Minna Wagner acted the rôle of unreasonable and ungenerous wife. But by that time the loquacious Richard had so torn Minna's character that it is hanging like shreds about her person, so an additional sabre thrust or two does not matter. At the time of their marriage Minna and Richard were about on a moral and mental par; but when he began to unfurl his eagle's wings and soar, she could not keep pace, being only a soiled dove. So they had to part company—it was inevitable, and art demands such sacrifices. Wagner's *coup de grace* to Minna in his autobiography is unpardonable.

It is generally known by students of music literature that Wagner wrote his own five-foot book shelf. He was a marvellously industrious writer. Whenever he suffered a change of philosophy he wrote a pamphlet; he wrote essays galore; he attacked the Jews; he explained Beethoven; he defended his own theories of art and the state. In fact, it has often been a matter of sincere regret that he did not write less and compose more, for the world would have been infinitely richer if he had. So with all these polemics that have rushed from his pen into many bound volumes, it is hardly surprising that the present autobiography does not contain any more enlightening chapters about his art. For a musician of his order he seems to have less preparation than almost any of the great ones. And this brace of volumes informs the curious reader all too seldom just how and when these great inner treasures of invention and melody came welling forth. There are only occasional glimpses of the artist here—such as when in later years, after the row had been patched up, he and Otto Wesendonck are sight-seeing together in Venice. They go to the Academy of Arts, and Wagner writes:

"In spite of all my indifference, I must confess that the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' by Titian, exercised a most sublime influence over me, so that, as soon as I realized its conception, my old powers revived within me, as though by a sudden flash of inspiration. I determined at once on the composition of the 'Meistersinger.'"

And so, too, there is another interesting reference to this opera, dating from the time when the composer was living at Biebrich on the Rhine. He writes:

"The fair season of the year was now approaching, and I was once more seized with a desire for work. As from the balcony of my flat, in a sunset of great splendor, I gazed upon the magnificent spectacle of 'Golden' Mayence, with the majestic Rhine pouring along its outskirts in a glory of light, the prelude to my 'Meistersinger' again suddenly made its presence closely and distinctly felt in my soul. Once before had I seen it rise before me out of a lake of sorrow, like some distant mirage. I proceeded to write down the prelude exactly as it appears to-day in the score, that is, containing the clear outlines of the leading themes of the whole drama."



Brown Bros.
The indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein sorting opera scores in the library of his new Opera House in London

And the prelude to "Das Rheingold" originated at Spezia, where he had arrived exhausted by seasickness. He writes:

"After a night spent in fever and sleeplessness, I forced myself to take a long tramp the next day through the hilly country, which was covered with pine woods. It all looked dreary and desolate, and I could not think what I should do there. Returning in the afternoon, I stretched myself, dead tired, on a hard couch, awaiting the long-desired hour of sleep. It did not come, but I fell into a kind of somnolent state, in which I suddenly felt as though I were sinking in swiftly flowing water. The rushing sound formed itself in my brain to a musical sound, the chord of E-flat major, which continually re-echoed in broken forms. These broken chords seemed to be melodic passages of increasing motion, yet the pure triad of E-flat major never changed, but seemed by its continuance to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. I woke in sudden terror from my doze, feeling as though the waves were rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral overture to the 'Rheingold,' which must long have lain latent within me, though it had been unable to find definite form, had at last been revealed to me. I then quickly realized my own nature; the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within. I decided to return to Zurich immediately and begin the composition of my great poem."

There is a pathetic allusion to his feelings at the time of the first "Lohengrin" performance at Weimar. Wagner was then living in Switzerland, being a political exile because of his activity in the Dresden Revolution of 1849. The bann placed upon him by the Saxon government made it impossible for him to witness this Weimar "Lohengrin" *première*, so he had to cool his heels and impatience at Lucerne. He writes:

"We (he and Minna) spent the evening of the 28th of August, while the first performance of 'Lohengrin' was taking place at Weimar, in Lucerne, at the Schwan Inn, watching the clock as the hands went round, marking the various times at which the performance presumably began, developed and came to a close."

Brown Bros.
Exterior of Oscar Hammerstein's new Opera House in London which is to be opened in November

It is touching to think that this creative genius should have been barred from hearing this fond musical child of his dreams and brains come to life. But even before this sentiment of exile has an opportunity to grip the reader, there occurs this typically venomous paragraph:

"I always felt somewhat distressed, uncomfortable and ill at ease whenever I tried to pass a few pleasant hours in the society of my wife."

There is scarcely a page in the two volumes that does not contain some allusion to money. Wagner had a gourmand's appetite for ducats. He asked loans from almost everyone—man or woman, that did not concern him—and this process doubtless earned him the enmity of many.

Of especial interest is his account of intercourse with Liszt, Von Bülow, Tausig, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz. So, too, is it fascinating to learn that while he was composing "Lohengrin" he was enamored of the Greek classics:

"Nothing could equal the sublime emotion with which the Agamemnon trilogy inspired me, and to the last word of the Eumenides I lived in an atmosphere so far removed from the present day that I have never since been able to reconcile myself with modern literature. My ideas about the whole significance of the drama and of the theatre were, without a doubt, moulded by these impressions. I worked my way through the other tragedians, and finally reached Aristophanes. When I had spent the morning industriously upon the completion of the music for 'Lohengrin,' I used to creep to the depths of the thick shrubbery in my part of the garden to get shelter from summer heat, which was becoming more intense every day. My delight in the comedies of Aristophanes was boundless, when once his 'Birds' had plunged me into the full torrent of the genius of this wanton favorite of the Graces, as he used to call himself with conscious daring. Side by side with this poet I read the principal dialogues of Plato, and from his 'Symposium' I gained such a deep insight into the wonderful beauty of Greek life that I felt myself more truly at home in ancient Athens than in any conditions which the modern world has to offer."

Some idea of Wagner's well-timed revolution against the silly, old, grand opera conventions may be gained from his paragraph on the Singing Contest scene from his 'Tannhäuser,' which runs as follows:

"There are many people, even nowadays, who, in spite of having witnessed a perfectly successful production of this scene, have not received the right impression of its purport. Their idea is that it shall belong to the traditional operatic 'genre' which demands that a number of vocal evolutions shall be juxtaposed or contrasted, and that these different songs are intended to amuse and interest the audience by means of purely musical changes in rhythm and time on the principle of a concert programme, *i. e.*, by various items of different styles. This was not at all my idea; my real intention was, if possible, to force the listener, for the first time in the history of opera, to take an interest in the poetical idea, by making him follow all its necessary developments."

And how he had to make the then prevailing class of opera singers all over anew to suit his purposes is shown by another paragraph. In this he tells of

(*Continued on page xii*)

Peg Woffington in Paris

SPRUNG from the gutter like Rachel, and equally obsessed by its nostalgia, Peg Woffington, with all her defects, ranked among the most elegant and accomplished women of her century. "She is of low origin, it is true," wrote Burke to a friend, "but talents and Nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the fairest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance."

Peg's education had been of the slenderest, but she had had the good fortune as a girl of fourteen to receive her training for the stage in Madame Violante's booth in Dublin. Considerably more French than English was spoken behind the scenes in that fashionable and historic place of entertainment by the foreign funambulists who formed the backbone of the company; and Peg, with the quickness of her race and the adaptiveness of her sex, seems to have imbibed the strange tongue, as it were, instinctively. The acquisition was one that was to prove of signal service when she came to visit Paris some sixteen years later. It was no mere pleasure hunt that took her across the Channel in the summer of 1748, and without a sound knowledge of French the journey would have been bootless.

Although over seven years an established London favorite, the Woffington remained acutely conscious that, in matter of self-expression, she had still much to learn, that there were voices within her still inarticulate, facets of her genius still unrevealed. Thalia had long smiled upon her as her truly begotten child, but she pined for recognition from the sterner muse. In a word, being laudably anxious to add several important tragic characters to her repertory, she induced her compatriot and counsellor, Owen MacSwiney, art connoisseur and sometime manager of the Opera House, to accompany her to Paris to see Mlle. Dumesnil, the reigning tragedienne of the Théâtre Français. "There are a great many English now in Paris," writes Fitzpatrick, on August 6, 1748, "and among the rest, Mrs. Woffington is here with Swiney. I have often the pleasure of conversing with her at the playhouse, where we sit in judgment on the players. We have agreed that in comedy they far surpass the English actors, but in tragedy they fall short of them; though they have a woman here who is very little inferior to Mrs. Cibber."

Paramount among the noteworthy performances seen at the Théâtre Français by the beauteous Woffington at this period was the *première* of "Semiramis." Voltaire's epoch-marking tragedy had been produced on the 29th of August, when the success of the play was seriously imperilled by the crowded state of the stage, due to the phalanx of aristocratic spectators, who, following a time-honored custom, had placed themselves on exhibition there. Certain allusions in Voltaire's essay on "Ancient and Modern Tragedy," prefixed to "Semiramis," reveal to us that the philosopher had made Peg Woffington's acquaintance at this juncture. In dealing with the painful circumstances of the first performance of his play, he refers to her indirectly as "la principale actrice de Londres," and relates how she expressed her astonishment that a vital section of the intelligent playgoers of France could be such spoil-sports as to mar for others what they themselves could not possibly enjoy.

This frank expression of opinion apparently aroused Voltaire to action. At subsequent representations of the tragedy the patrician stage loungers were sturdily forbidden the liberty of the *coulisses;* and Voltaire had the satisfaction of driving a nail or two into the coffin of an absurd practice.

During her sojourn in Paris Peg had made the acquaintance at some reception of a handsome young Italian rejoicing in the high-sounding style and title of Domenico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, and, little given to the tutoring of her emotions, became quickly captivated by the gallantry and distinction of his address. This chance meeting influenced the entire after career of the brilliant amateur swordsman and master of equitation, known to fame now as Signor Angelo. Arrangements had been made for a public fencing match to take place a few days later. All the greatest and most skilful exponents of the science of carte and tierce had consented to appear there, and Angelo, under the persuasions of his friend the Duc de Nivernois, had determined to enter the lists. To her frankness Peg Woffington allied an audacity which frequently warred with her feminine traits (it was this quality that made her so admirable a Wildair), and when she heard of Angelo's resolve, she conceived of a somewhat unconventional courtesy.

The fateful day came. With the calling out of Signor Angelo's name the distinguished assembly was surprised to see a tall, dark-eyed, richly dressed lady step forward, and graciously present to the handsome young swordsman a tiny bouquet of roses. Taken aback for the moment,

PORTRAIT OF PEG WOFFINGTON BY JOHN LEWIS

Since spurious portraits of Peg Woffington abound, it is noteworthy that this characteristic painting is signed and dated (1758) by the artist, John Lewis, a Dublin scene painter of merit. Examples of the print are now very scarce. Lewis' painting was discovered in 1904 by Mr. Lawrence in a private collection at Dalkey, near Dublin. Subsequently, on his recommendation it was purchased by the National Gallery of Ireland

White

DUSTIN FARNUM

White

PERCY HASWELL

Marsden

WILLIAM FARNUM

The brothers Farnum are to star jointly this season in a new play of the Civil War by Edward Peple, entitled "The Littlest Rebel." Miss Percy Haswell, a well-known and favorite actress, also appears in this piece, but only in the first act. The part is an important one in the big military production, the whole story hinging upon it. That is why it was necessary to pay a large salary to an actress of Miss Haswell's standing for only forty minutes' work

Angelo quickly recovered himself, and, amid breathless silence, pinned the dainty offering to his left breast.

"This," he said, addressing the crowded assembly and gracefully indicating the nosegay with his right hand, "this will I protect from all attack."

At this bold avowal many smiled, but Peg had reason to be proud that day of her champion, for not the greatest master of the sword in France was able to disturb a petal of the posy. The sequel of this romantic episode was that the giver of the roses and the receiver departed for London together, where the ebullient knight opened that famous fencing school, which was maintained by father and son for considerably over half a century.

Peg Woffington's brief sojourn abroad agreeably stands as a landmark in her career. There had been much balancing of the old books preparatory to the opening of the new. Before setting out on her journey to Paris she had broken finally with Garrick, and said good-bye to the boards of Drury Lane. On her return, mentally refreshed by her experiences of the Comédie Française, it was largely a Woffington hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected that charmed the frequenters of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for the next twelve months. She, the reigning Queen of Comedy, was now to take higher flights, and to command tears where she had formerly provoked smiles and laughter. At first, as the gossips were not slow to observe, she reproduced somewhat slavishly the sing-song and lingering cadences of the Dumesnil; but the knowledge derived by her from study of the French stage was something better than added comprehension of mere externals. It had dawned upon her, as upon no English actress previously, that the claims of art were paramount, greater even than the long-conceded claims of the Ego. It sounds curious to us now to read how lavishly she was praised at the beginning of 1749 for disfiguring her beautiful face with the wrinkles of old age in appearing as the gray-haired Veturia in Thomson's tragedy of "Coriolanus." What we to-day should take as a matter of course was looked upon then as a remarkable example of histrionic self-abnegation. It was but the note of sound artistic progress on the part of an actress of intellect and resource, one who was soon to touch all hearts by the searching pathos of her Lady Jane Grey, and to put the seal upon her new reputation by her Desdemona and Lady Macbeth.

The intimacy between Signor Angelo and his *chère amie* lasted longer than affairs of the sort usually did, so far as the lady was concerned, for Peg, with all her winsomeness and charm, was constitutionally incapable of deep affection. Always in the brunt of the interminable battle of sex, the Woffington neither asked nor gave quarter. With her there was no respite; her war cry was "One down, t'other come on." But when she paid that speculative visit to Dublin in 1751, which culminated in a brilliant three years' record in her native city, Angelo accompanied her for a brief period, and in the Sheridans made the acquaintance of a gifted family, some or other of whose members were to remain his friends throughout life. This visit to Dublin is referred to by the younger Angelo in his Reminiscences, and is an important clue to the date of his father's first coming to England, which is usually assigned by chroniclers of eighteenth century small beer, absurdly enough, to the year 1755. How far this is wide of the mark can be surmised from the fact that Peg Woffington left Ireland for good in the summer of 1754, driven away by the same politico-theatrical embroilment that occasioned the exile of the Sheridans.

Unlike her strongly differentiated sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley, Peg had no genius for domesticity, and was far too fickle-minded to give her heart and soul to anyone, no matter how brilliant or fascinating. Possibly of all her lovers she liked Garrick best, but happily for him she was no self-deluder, and knew full well the defects of her (*Continued on page ix*)

To An Actress

In this stern world, that is a crowded Stage,
Dear Lady, fair of face and kind of heart,
God grant that Playwright Fate's e'er altering page
Henceforward holds for you Life's happiest part!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

From *Sketch*

THE HAREM SCENE IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "KISMET," WHICH WILL BE SEEN HERE THIS SEASON

This play, it is said, was offered in vain to all the prominent American managers. No one was able to see anything in it until its author took it to London, where Oscar Asche produced it with phenomenal success. Harrison Grey Fiske and Klaw & Erlanger have now secured the rights for this country, and will produce it on a large scale at the Knickerbocker or the New Amsterdam

When the Audience Giggles

THE theatre audience prefers to giggle. In making its preferences known it is sometimes ill-mannered, and sends a pang to the heart of the actor. If he be a Henry Miller, Arnold Daly, or a Richard Mansfield, he is likely to come before the curtain and scold. But the audience laughs even at this exhibition of petulance. Anything that caused extreme mental agony as well as physical pain was tragic to the ancient Greek audience, we are told, but not so with their up-to-date Yankee cousins in this year of grace, 1911.

There is only one explanation for it, and this is that the theatre crowd prefers to laugh. Ordinarily intelligent men and women—opera lovers at that—would not split their sides with laughter if they saw a man fall through a trap-door to death, yet an audience at Melbourne, Australia, did that very thing when Signor Frederici, the popular basso, was singing the rôle of Mephisto, and beckoning to the unhappy Faust and Marguerite to accompany him into the flames of Hades, fell through the trap and broke his neck.

The fat man is much funnier on the stage than on the street. The ballet girl who slips and falls, severely spraining the wrist, causes a wave of merriment to pass through the house. There would be nothing hilariously funny about a man's garter having slipped down to his shoe-top, on the street-car or in an office, yet such a mishap has broken up whole scenes, and it was necessary to ring down the curtain to adjust the offending article, and to give the audience an opportunity to have its laugh.

When Richard Mansfield revived "Julius Cæsar," and appeared as Brutus, he offered many innovations for public comment and made many departures from the traditions. One of these, upon which he particularly plumed himself, was in the tent scene where he is visited by Cæsar's ghost. Arguing with good logic that the ghost existed only in the mind of Brutus, he represented the supernatural visitor by a ray of green light, which struck him obliquely on the forehead. One night, when the cue was given and the house was in deathly stillness, the calcium was turned on, and instead of behaving itself, it literally spat and sputtered so that not even the voice of Mansfield could drown it. The audience immediately tittered and giggled, and finally broke into a roar of laughter, whereupon Mansfield ordered the curtain down and, stepping before it, delivered a lecture to the crowd that had paid to see him.

One night when Olga Nethersole was playing "Sappho," she picked up the bird-cage in the last scene and, at the most telling moment of the entire action of the piece, was about to silently pass out of the cottage leaving Jean asleep on the sofa. Many persons were weeping copiously, as usual, but suddenly the bottom fell out of the cage, a stuffed "dickey-bird" rolled off the perch on the floor, and the curtain fell amid a veritable paroxysm of laughter. Another evening when, as Paula Tangueray, she was threatening to leave the house, and started to rise to do so, a rope of pearls she was wearing about her neck caught on a chair, and she was obliged to remain in an awkward position while the audience giggled and a member of her company came forward to relieve her from her embarrassing position.

Such moments are the terror of actors, for they know better than the audience has ever seemed to realize that people go to the theatre when the grimmest tragedy is announced, if not secretly longing for something to laugh at, actually leaping at the first opportunity to snicker. When Mrs. Fiske was playing at Edmonton, she

PEARL SINDELAR

Bohemian actress to be seen on Broadway this coming season in a new musical production

Photo Illustration Bureau, Tokio

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, TOKIO, JAPAN

This splendid new playhouse, which is the latest sensation in Japan, is modelled closely after the plan of the best American theatres, with only slight modifications to suit Japanese taste and custom. The house is modern and up-to-date in every respect. The seating capacity is 1,400, and it cost half a million dollars to build. The foyers and auditorium are richly decorated in white and gold, the predominating tint being pale blue. There are tea rooms, souvenir booths, café and restaurant connected with the theatre. A first class stock company presents modern plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pinero, and other world playwrights, and there is attached a dramatic school designed especially for young Japanese women, who will be trained to take female parts, which heretofore in Japan have been assumed only by men

was obliged to appear in an armory with skylights directly over the auditorium. During one of her important scenes, a pane of glass fell, followed by cries of help from a boy who had been watching the performance from the roof and fell through, suspended in mid-air by one leg. Doubtless it was an audience composed of people who were thoroughly appreciative of Mrs. Fiske's efforts, but she was forgotten for a time, the curtain was rung down, and the crowd roared with glee at the predicament in which the boy found himself.

During Madge Kendal's last tour of America, she dropped on the stage in a dead faint because a June bug flew towards her. Everybody giggled, the scene was stopped, and several minutes elapsed before the actress regained consciousness and the bug was removed from her hair, where it had lodged.

When Robert Downing and William Farnum were playing "Virginius" in a town in Texas, an excitable cowboy yelled that if somebody didn't kill Appius Claudius quick, he would; whereupon the audience laughed throughout the remainder of the evening, despite the efforts of the tragedians to make an impression of another kind.

Dr. W. F. Carver was presenting "The Western Scout" at Denver with a realistic chase of the hero by Indians. The former crossed a bridge beneath which was a "raging torrent," and passed on to safety before the bridge fell. It was dim moonlight and the red men galloped up the trail on papier-mache horses suspended from wires. As they made the gallant leap across the "foaming chasm" the stage machinery went wrong, and horses and riders hung in midair until the curtain fell and the audience was howling with delight at the spectacle, absolutely declining to take the remainder of the piece seriously, because they knew the Indians had not caught the hero.

When Daniel Frohman took "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" on tour, the critics on various newspapers through the West accused him of having eliminated all the comedy situations, so that instead of being a good laugh-producer the work, hitherto so enjoyable, had become a pretty tame affair. Frohman was at a loss to understand what was meant, until an investigation revealed the fact that a company which had previously toured the territory in the same piece had been in the habit of "guying" the audience with a pair of Arctic overshoes, which were passed back and forth throughout the action, or left near the footlights near the stage, all of which caused people to giggle so that they missed the "comedy" in Frohman's production and resented his action in robbing them of the laughs they had expected when witnessing the play.

When the same piece was being played at Richmond, Virginia, the leading man made a bad impression upon the audience by slighting his part. Between the first and second acts he started a fight with one of the stage hands, and the announcement was made to the audience of an intermission, the cause of which was circulated in a whisper and caused great rejoicing. The stage manager of the house was a justice of the peace, so assuming the full dignity of his office he deputized two stage hands to arrest the actor, had a quick trial on the stage, fined him ten dollars, collected the fine and gave the signal for the curtain to rise. The novelty of the thing, and the fun of witnessing the effort of the leading man to conceal his feelings, yet being obliged to do so, fearing another arrest for "contempt" if he did anything that Virginia justice might construe as "a breach of the peace," afforded the audience more real enjoyment than the play itself.

The laugh is one of the most desired and one of the most

JAPANESE GIRLS AS BALLET DANCERS AND SAILORS, APPEARING AT THE NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, TOKIO

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Will appear early in the season in "Rebellion," a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson

dreaded things the actor has to face. Sometimes it is next to impossible to force a good round peal of laughter from an audience that seems to sit in a defiant attitude, yet that same audience will break up a scene by laughter if a bug flies around the stage; if the ingenue trips her toe on a rug and spills the tea, or if the villain's cravat climbs up his collar.

One of the most distressing moments in the entire stage career of Clara Morris was during a performance of "Camille" at Baltimore. In the last act, where she crept out of bed to gaze at her wasted face in the mirror, and was about to give the cry of horror at the sight that never failed to bring a flood of tears, she was horrified to observe the theatre cat walking slowly into the centre of the stage. It was one of those awful moments where the presence of mind of the actor counts for much, but in which mere luck plays an important part. Miss Morris relates that she was breathless in the predicament, but putting all her powers to the test, tried to approach the cat, and failing in this she stooped and coaxed the feline towards her. It came slowly, but the actress succeeded in keeping the interest tense by occasional sobs. Finally she picked up the cat and held it in her lap, still fearing a burst of laughter from the audience. Then an inspiration came, and she called to Nadine, the maid, "I've grown so weak I cannot even hold him, Nadine; so take him away," she sobbed, and took up her scene at the mirror, without so much as a smile from the audience. Years afterwards, she relates, the husband of one of her admirers, who was in the house that night, declared that his wife had seen Miss Morris in many pieces, but thought the "cat scene in 'Camille'" was best of all, because it was so "tenderly pathetic."

Cats have frequently been impromptu laugh-producers, and usually to the discomfiture of actors, until "Seven Days" was produced and the theatre tabby at the Astor Theatre in New York happened to stroll across the stage while one of the characters was declaring that a relative had a cat named "Selina." "Is that Selina?" asked a bystander, interpolating the inquiry. The audience voted its approval of the line by a roar of laughter, and it became permanent, the cat being pressed into service at every performance thereafter.

At the Gaieté Theatre in Paris, when "Le Fils de la Nuit" was being performed, the big scene was an engagement between a pirate brig and two small man-of-war's boats. At the première a super, who was engaged to kneel beneath canvas and make "billows" roll over his head, suddenly popped his head through the top of a wave and stared wildly at the audience. The actor commanding the pirate brig had the presence of mind to cry, "Man overboard!" and in the twinkling of an eye the man was pulled out of the water on to the boat and out of sight, which the audience took to be a part of the realistic action of the piece.

Sometimes these accidents have brought good fortune to players and plays, but oftener they have meant chagrin and embarrassment.

After spending $6,000 in an attempt to produce a desired effect for the "river of souls" scene in "The Darling of the Gods," David Belasco saw a stage carpenter walk across the stage and cast a shadow on the gauze that was exactly what he had been working for, although the effect could easily have been produced by an expenditure of $60 instead of $6,000.

Accidental shifting of the lights upon white drapery, gave Loie Fuller the idea for her serpentine fire dances, which later brought her fame and fortune. The accidental demand for a song which was hurriedly composed by the song-and-dance team of Williams and Van Alstyne showed them what they could do, and "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree" quickly lined their pockets with gold. The accidental invitation of a London family to their children's governess to take part in a charity entertainment at an insane asylum gave the actress, Olga Nethersole, to the world. But these latter instances are only the exceptions that prove the rule.

ARCHIE BELL.

Bangs

STEWART BAIRD
As the Earl of Southdown in "Vanity Fair," recently at the New Theatre

Sarony

TIM MURPHY
Will be seen this season in a comedy entitled "The New Code"

Otto Sarony Co.

FRANK J. McINTYRE
Will be starred this season in a comedy by George Bronson-Howard entitled "Snobs"

LEILA McINTYRE AND CHORUS SINGING THE TOY SONG IN "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS" AT THE CRITERION

JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Justice"

The Hull-House Players in "Justice"

THE last decade has witnessed a dramatic renaissance in England without parallel for many generations, possibly even since the Elizabethan era. The wave of realism that began with Ibsen in the latter half of the nineteenth century has swept over Europe, and appears to be culminating now in that group of English dramatists, whose work, intensely unpopular at first, and still accepted generally for its incidental humor rather than for its essential truth, is yet recognized by serious students of the theatre as marking an epoch in dramatic history. Such students are, however, painfully aware that hitherto America has taken little or no part in this great movement which has revitalized the drama of the older countries, and therefore a peculiar interest attaches for them to the recent series of performances by the Hull-House Dramatic Association of John Galsworthy's "Justice."

It is proverbially hard for a writer's contemporaries to appraise his work justly; on the one hand, rejection of popular conventions and standards of value leads inevitably to disparagement and misunderstanding; on the other, evident power and sincerity are apt to be given undiscriminating praise by those who take life and art seriously. The former were meted out in full measure to Ibsen, the latter to Pinero. And so any earnest critic will admit that criticism reflects the critic rather than the criticized, even when he is concerned to maintain that Galsworthy's "Justice" is the greatest English play since Shelley's "Cenci."

The plot is simple, and bears striking resemblances to an earlier but less mature work of the same author, "The Silver Box": A young clerk in a lawyer's office, driven to desperation by her husband's brutal ill-treatment of the woman he loves, commits forgery to enable them to escape together to a foreign country; he is arrested on the eve of their flight, tried, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude, which he serves. The rolling of the chariot wheels of "Justice," not content, however, with this expiation of the "crime," grinds the woman into a prostitute and her lover into a suicide. That is all, but it was enough to make the English Home Secretary, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, inaugurate a reform of the whole English prison system within a few hours of the first performance of the play, at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, on February 21, 1910, a red-letter day in the annals of English drama.

The first performance of "Justice" in America, at Hull House, Miss Jane Addams' world-famous settlement in Chicago, on March 29, 1911, though it did not manifest the incalculable power of the theatre in so striking a manner, was memorable for other reasons. On the crowded car clanging down Halsted Street toward the settlement a husky voice chanted the pork-packer's pæan of efficiency and organization to the white, unsmiling faces; the sun, a red ball with sharply defined edges, was setting over the stockyards in soiled splendor behind five smoke-stacks thrusting upwards through the mirklike pipes of a great organ; blaspheming women and ragged children clamored in the filthy roadway; the wastrel and the hungry loafed outside the flaring saloons; fried-fish shops were placarded with portraits of the mayor-to-be; his brass band brayed against the oncoming night. Then—the curtain lifted, still on the pitiful drama of man's inhumanity to man, still on the pitiless drama of implacable cause and effect. "Justice" is a greater sermon than any preached from the pulpits of Fifth Avenue: it shows remorselessly what *is*.

The Hull-House Dramatic Association was founded by Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham some ten years ago, and has been continuously managed by her since then; during that time it has produced an average of over two plays a year, many of them works by dramatists who are taken seriously by the thinking public, and are, in consequence, financially unpopular with the normal manager, who has the unthinking man's natural mistrust of such a dangerous and unwarrantable entity as ideas. Three of Shaw's plays, one of Ibsen's, and two of Galsworthy's have been among its productions during that time. The Association, which is composed entirely of working men and women, employed for the most part in professions not generally associated with art, began its career with melodrama, passed to domestic comedy, perfected its technique with such plays as "School" and "Our Boys," and finally established its claim to serious regard from students of the drama by a successful and charming production of Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." Since then it has produced, almost without exception, plays worthy of production, and it is an open secret that among the four plays it announces for the coming season will be included, in addition to a revival of "Justice," John Masefield's altogether magnificent "Tragedy of Man." This year the cast of "Justice" was composed of a

Frenchman, a German, several Irish, and two Russian Jews, who could not speak English when they landed in America: the elocution was almost without exception on a level of excellence unknown to the commercial stage; it would seem that Mrs. Pelham has the power of making genius articulate. She was asked at the close of the performance by a wealthy Chicago woman if she were not afraid of stirring up dissension among the classes; she answered, "I don't know—I'm trying to." Perhaps that is why she succeeds artistically.

The mounting of the play was simple to the point of shabbiness and occasionally inaccurate (it may be mentioned that everything connected with these plays, which it is possible to produce in the settlement, from the scenery to the programs, is there produced), but, if the actors had played in their shirt-sleeves on bare boards without attempt at staging, the effect would have been the same, for they did not act the play—they lived it. The entire cast was excellent, and it is difficult to speak of the principals without seeming to exaggerate. In particular, Louis Alter as William Falder, the young clerk, Charles McCormick as the judge, and Frank Keogh as Robert Cokeson, an old clerk, gave really remarkable performances, as superior to those of the ordinary good professional actor as an original painting is to its chromo-lithograph. "The natural cold rudeness of a man who was never kind," which is the moving principle alike of Javert in *Les Misérables* and the judge in "Justice," was portrayed by Mr. McCormick with a skill that was masterly in its repression, and Mr. Keogh's interpretation of Cokeson was worthy to rank with any character study by any American or English actor during the last ten years; the timorous assurance, the fumbling determination, and the silk-hatted Quixotry of a man conventionally religious, conventionally right, conventionally well-meaning, and altogether unconventionally big-souled, found an accuracy of expression that one is accustomed to associate only with one's own closet-readings of the great ironists, in the continual and, as it were, birdlike surprise of the little old clerk's half-parted lips and eyes, rounder than the full orb of his spectacles. It is equally difficult to speak with moderation of Mr. Alter, though it must be admitted that few more thankful parts than his have ever been written. The great scene in the third act, when Falder, alone in his cell, in a silence you can hear, an utter appalling soul-destroying silence, unbroken save for one terrible moment by the clash of a falling tin, paces up and down, up and down, up and down, like a caged animal, till he hurls himself in a paroxysm of hysteria battering madly with head and hands against his clanging cell-door,—that scene left its audience with a memory of stricken and dry-eyed horror that will not easily be effaced.

Mishkin

ROBERT EDESON

To star this season in Gelett Burgess's new comedy "The Cave Man"

Nor can one forget that this great actor, in whose veins runs the blood of generations of oppressed ancestors, producing a temperament that can give unparalleled expression to such a part as Falder's,—this great actor for twelve hours of every day makes cigars,—and Chicago lets him.

But, when all is said and done, the players are secondary, "the play's the thing." And those who have the welfare of the theatre at heart realize, with a great thankfulness, that the decade which can produce and win recognition in face of calumny, indifference, and contempt for such men as Galsworthy, Shaw, Masefield, Barker, and Synge, to name but five English dramatists, and not to mention the no less distinguished writers who are doing such fine work in the continental theatre of Europe to-day, is fraught with the utmost significance and full of high promise for the future. Those whose special concern is American drama may well take hope, seeing the American public produce for itself plays like "Justice," that pierce through the glamor to the reality of things, true transcripts of life, which the old school theatrical managers are too bemuddled with romanticism and befuddled with legs to give; and seeing, too, that the Drama League, Mr. MacKaye with his National Theatre, the promised New Theatre of Chicago, and a whole host of similar stirrings of the public spirit betoken surely the approaching birth of an authentic American drama worthy to take its permanent place beside the great and living drama of modern Europe,—a drama whose foundation is knowledge, whose bricks are facts, not lies, whose mortar is blood and tears, not sighings and theorizings, but life as it is.

MAURICE BROWNE.

John Hyams and Mrs. Hyams (Leila McIntyre) and their little daughter, on an automobile trip

Photo Moffett

A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BERTHA KALICH

This interesting actress will go to Chicago this coming season, it is said, to join the New Th—tre Company, now being organized by Donald Robertson

THE FUROR FOR DANCING

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MLLE. PAVLOWA AND M. MORDKIN
(Russian Imperial ballet)

THE world has gone dancing mad. On the stage everywhere dancers of both sexes and all nationalities are whirling feverishly to the rythm of sensuous music. Never were there before the public so many remarkable exponents of the terpsichorean art. And what perhaps imparts most interest to this sudden revival is the fact that the dances are as new as the dancers. They are weird, bizarre, voluptuous, beautiful. All are fascinating; some are extraordinarily graceful.

Never was so much attention given to the study of the dance. The furor for dancing seems ever to increase, for the dance is something that holds the spectator spellbound, whether he be of a high or low degree of intelligence. It is never beyond the comprehension of the lowest grade of man, and has a charm that even music has not.

Long, long ago, when the world was young, men and women danced for the sheer love of dancing, but nowadays the best of the world's dancers cultivate their art for money, and they command enormous salaries.

Properly, dancing should be the outcome of some form of joy, sorrow, love or ecstasy, whether performed by the mad, wild, passionate bacchantes, the religious measures of mediæval Christians, the dancing dervishes, the Oulid Nail girls of the desert, or the graceful, fawnlike movements of little children playing in the sun. Dancing was brought to its greatest perfection in ancient Greece. The most renowned sculptors of that time studied and designed the various poses, which in the form of statues, vases, mural decorations, and bas reliefs, have been handed down for the enthusiastic wonderment of the present day. To the Greeks is due also the rare achievements of the combining into one perfect whole, dancing, music, and poetry.

Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. ADELINE GENEE

As the voice is capable of expressing every phase of love, hatred, passion, pain and despair, so the various movements of the body can be made to express the changing emotions of the mind. Primitive man skipped and jumped, twirled and grovelled to express his feelings, and though he could not sing, he doubtless used his voice in some fashion by cries and screams, for the dance must be accompanied by some sort of rhythmic sound, some beat, even though only some series of cries or the knocking of two bones together.

From the Greeks came the modern idea of the skirt dance that took the world by storm two decades ago. It marked the beginning of the decadence of the Greek art of dancing, and was then as now, too spectacular to be regarded as high art. In our day the skirt dance degenerated into the serpentine dance, and that killed it, for the Loie Fuller scheme of dancing was not the legitimate dance, but a thing of startling fabrics and lights and a few running movements. It was not dancing.

A RUSSIAN DANCER

After the serpentine dance came the high kickers and a period of swift degeneration. There was at least a certain form of terpsichorean art in the skirt dance; there were even rudiments of it in the serpentine dance—but what can one say of the horrible high kicking which immediately followed? Lottie Collins probably started this fashion for gymnastics to music. Her *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* song began the craze. Soon no one looked at a dancer who could not send her legs flying over her head, or sit down on the floor with her limbs stretched out flat at either side of her. In modern times the art of dancing has probably never stooped so low as this; yet its popularity was unbounded, and troupes of these prancing gymnasts went about all over the country. As a dance it expressed absolutely nothing. One had always the feeling that the dancer would suddenly break her bones, or that she had had them all removed before her performance; and even now, when Genée, Maud Allan and Anna Pavlowa have rescued the art of dancing from these depths of degradation, high kickers are still to be found flinging their legs about in obscure music halls.

But all the time when London was given over to skirt dancers, serpentine dancers and high kickers, there still burnt feebly the light of the great Italian forms of dancing. It had lost, perhaps, its wonderful popularity with the days of Taglioni, Cerito, and Fanny Ellsler, and then came Genée, the little Danish girl, to restore the lost art to its pedestal. She raised a ballet which was nothing more than music and bustle into something wonderful and great. True, these movements were only of the briefest, but they were there, and they showed a discerning public what a superb artist was wasting her glorious talents in a city steeped in acrobatic vulgarity and splits.

But the genius of Adeline Genée triumphed, in spite of the indifference of the public. A few critics recognized her great gift and hailed her as a prodigy, and gradually this wonderful dancer came into her own. She was commanded to perform before Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Windsor, and so the great British public, ever a snob at heart, at last began to wake up to the knowledge that one of the greatest dancers in the world had for several years been performing in their midst. Quickly Genée became the rage. The production of "Coppelia" set the seal upon her triumph. In a comparatively short space of time she became the most run-after artist of the day. Like most artists run after in London, she quickly skipped over to America and made new triumphs, and incidentally a fortune.

The growing enthusiasm of the public for the exquisite beauty of the art of dancing did not decline. About that time a few privileged persons were invited by the management of the Palace Theatre in London to witness the private performance of a Miss Maud Allan, a young American dancer who had made a certain reputation on the Continent, and who had fashioned her art upon that of the more celebrated Isadora Duncan, a barefoot classic dancer, who had already appeared in Berlin with sensational success a few years previously. Her principal dance was as Salome, daughter of Herodius. Those who attended the London theatre upon that memorable afternoon little guessed to what heights of popularity the performance would eventually attain. Thanks, however, to some really wonderful criticism—criticism which seemed to be stamped with sincere enthusiasm and admiration, even respect—the London

VASLAV NIJINSKY
Russian Imperial ballet, and reputed to be the greatest male dancer in the world

White, N. Y.
MLLE. LYDIA LOPOUKOWA
(Russian première danseuse)

public received Miss Allan with arms not only open, but positively yearning to embrace her. When Society, with a big S, took her up, the London public then knew that they were perfectly safe in saying that she was a dancer of genius. Miss Allan had also the disapproval of the Church, and a more gigantic advertisement could not possibly be wished by any artist, in no matter what realm of art. Yet, apart from all these twentieth-century adjuncts to fame, Maud Allan triumphed eventually by the charm and daintiness of her performance, which was at once daring and refined. The objectionable features — such as they were — were promptly put down by the public as "Greek," and gratefully accepted as artistic and beautiful.

As a matter of fact, Maud Allan was a beautiful dancer within certain well-defined limits. No classical dancer has been able to give so well that spirit of youthful gaiety, at once modest and free, which reached its most perfect performance in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." In those dances requiring depth of feeling or great imagination, she failed dismally; she failed, in fact, just where Isadora Duncan succeeded. Of course, a certain allowance must be made for the experience of the two dancers. Maud Allan was, comparatively speaking, a novice; what she lacked was variety—variety to express any other feeling but youthful exuberance. Time is certain to develop her gifts, and she is even now unique in those graceful movements of the arms which proved so startlingly beautiful to a public which had ceased to expect anything of those limbs in a dance save to wave many yards of voluminous drapery hither and thither.

The success of Maud Allan naturally brought a host of imitators into the field, but of these only the three sisters Wiesenthal are worthy of consideration. Of the others, including Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the less said the better.

These wonderful Wiesenthal sisters hailed from Vienna, where their dancing had given them a great reputation. Their performance was very beautiful, especially the dancing of the younger girl in the *Blue Danube* waltz. This was really a wonderful *tour de force*. One seemed to feel the mad rush of the water, to hear the deep roar of the falling stream, as the dancer whirled hither and thither in step to the music, intoxicated with the rhythm of the waltz. At last, as the notes died softly away, she sank gracefully to the ground, her hair, which had played such a wonderful part in the dance, thrown out on all sides of her. It was by far the most successful item in their repertoire, although the gavotte from "Mignon," danced by the sisters in the costumes of Dresden china figures, was extraordinarily charming and graceful.

To show how widely different are the dancers now attracting the public, one has only to mention that at one time in London last season there were on the stage, besides the lovely Wiesenthal sisters, the grotesque and awful Apache dance; a band of Oulid Nail girls dancing their wild, seductive desert dances; the great Russian dancers, Pavlowa and Mordkin, and a weird, wild, pagan of a Japanese dancer who made one feel as if he were watching something from some other world.

The Apache dance was invented in Paris, and its brutal passion, its wild voluptuousness and abandon, its fierce, callous cruelty, took the boulevardiers by storm. It is the dance of the Parisian hooligan, the degen-

Bert, Paris
MME. KARSAVINA AND
M. NIJINSKY
(Russian Imperial ballet)

White, N. Y.
MISS RUTH ST. DENIS
American Hindu dancer

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THE THREE WIESENTHAL SISTERS, INTERPRETIVE DANCERS OF VIENNA

erate creature who seems to be the product of twentieth-century cities. The dance depicts the life, the love and the bitter hatred of this class of desperado. Accompanied by the most haunting melody, it is extraordinarily effective on the stage. This dance is really legitimate, for it expresses something.

To pass on the numerous strange dances, interpreting many things, some of which are pictured here, we reach those most wonderful of all modern dancers, the Russians of the Imperial Ballet. For years things artistic and operatic in Russia seemed as remote as China, and we thought of them smugly as being far behind us in such things. Russia was for so long a remote "uncivilized" place, where they had the habit of sending their best citizens to Siberia, and its Grand Dukes to Paris and the Riviera. When the Imperial Russian Ballet went to Paris we woke up! Never did Paris grow so wild, never was such enthusiasm, for never had such dancing been seen. Nothing more wonderful, more lovely, or more artistic, had ever before been seen. Pavlowa was acclaimed on all sides as the greatest dancer the present generation has ever beheld. Her fascinating beauty, her wonderful poses, and her extraordinary terpsichorean art carried everything before it. Her dancing included all that was best in the old Italian school with a dramatic element, which the modern Italian ballerina has apparently lost. Not only did she reveal herself a dancer, but an actress of the first water. Her performance wedded music and dancing into one exquisite whole.

MLLE. COLLETTE WILLY IN HER EGYPTIAN DANCE

The Russian men dancers were a revelation. Their grace and power and beauty of movement was beyond description. Americans have seen Mordkin, but there is one still greater artiste from the Imperial Ballet, Vaslav Nijinsky, who dances like a fawn and is as light as a bird bounding far into the air as if he would fly, a marvelous creature. Together with the equally wonderful Tama Karsavina he will be seen this winter at the Metropolitan.

These famous Russian dancers are really the best that we have had yet, for they express so much, so many moods, such varied emotions. They are the stars of the dance at present.

Dancing as a profession is now ranked with the highest of the arts, and it is a most exacting profession, too. To enter it and hope for success one must first of all possess the natural gift, and the rest follows almost of itself. It can never be taught merely by so many lessons. The genius for expressing emotions by the beauty and gracefulness of a certain movement is one which no master in the world can ever impart. He can, of course, develop, foster, and improve the natural gifts, but if the fire of creation is not there the result is uninspired, paltry, cold. The list of really great dancers is a lamentably short one. There are many pretty girls who trip about daintily and with admirable precision to certain measures, and if they are young and charming it is very attractive; but they are not dancers any more than the ladies of the Gaiety chorus are actresses.

A celebrated dancer has said that to be a really great per-

Photo Gerschel
HINDU DANCE

Photo Felix
MLLE. TROUHANOWA AS SALOME
(Russian Imperial ballet)

Photo Gerschel
HINDU DANCE

former one must not only have the technique of dancing developed to its utmost extent, but one must be a mistress of expressive gesture and deportment as well, while beyond and above all the great essential is that one must be a natural musician. It is this and this alone that marks the really great dancer from the one who is only a brilliant executant of difficult steps. As the great painters receive inspiration from certain aspects of beauty, so the dancer is inspired by the call of beautiful sounds. It is the music, and the music alone, that calls out the creative faculty which is in her apart from the mere technique that she has taken so many years to acquire. For dancing in its greatest expression is a combination of all the arts.

Without question the greatest school for dancing in the world is that of the Imperial Russian Ballet in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Here the children are received when quite young, and here they complete their education and work assiduously at their profession for many years before they are allowed to appear in public. The result is that they are brought up within an atmosphere of dancing, and have it, as the saying is, "in their very bones."

The history of the Russian ballet is unique in the records of art. It was in the seventeenth century that dancing masters were first brought into Russia by Czar Michail Fiedorowitz Romanoff. Up to that period the chief sports had been cockfighting and the national dances. The Czar, suddenly acquiring an interest in Italian paintings, ordered that one hundred artists should be sent to Moscow, and it developed that about forty per cent. of these artists were not painters, but dancing masters. From that day to the present time there has always been an Imperial subsidized ballet in Russia.

After the French invasion in 1812, French dancing came to be popular, and was merged with the old Italian school. The conventions of both schools were rigorously observed until a few years ago, when the Russians, refusing to be bound down longer by worn-

MISS MAUD ALLAN
American dancer in two of her interpretive dances, Chopin's "Funeral March" and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"

out traditions, established their own new and highly individual school.

The evolution of the ballet into realistic dramatic form is in keeping with the development of the operatic music dramas, replacing the older lyric and formal operas. The essence of the Russian idea is to express all the emotions in a perfectly natural way, and to abolish the ancient absurdities which stipulated that the première danseuse should trip to death on her toes as lightly as if she were going to keep a rendezvous with her lover.

The members of the modern Russian ballet are not only remarkable dancers, but also great actors, pantomimists and musicians. The training begins at eight years of age and continues until the age of thirty-one, when they are pensioned and go into retirement, even though they may be in condition to continue for a much longer period.

Pavlowa and Mordkin, according to an announcement in the New York *Times*, will not dance at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. They will be supplanted, for the year at least, says the same authority, by the Russian organization to which they originally belonged, and which is giving performances at Covent Garden, London, now. Stalls for the opera nights cost a guinea in London, and when the Russians dance the stalls are raised to 30s. In spite of this their success has been so enormous that they are dancing three and four times a week, giving a complete programme by themselves. The ballets in which they are appearing, and from which their American repertoire will be arranged, include: "Le Carneval," an orchestrated version of Schumann's piano suite; "Les Sylphides," with music by Chopin; "Le Pavilion d'Armide," dances from "Prince Igor," "Le Spectre de la Rose," for which Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" furnishes the music; "Narcisse," "Cleopatre," and "Scheherazade." At the head of the company are Vaslav Nijinsky and Thamara Karsavina. Catherine Geltzer, who is now dancing at the London Alhambra in another ballet, will join forces with the dancers here. These Russians will first be seen at a Russian festival, which will last three days, opening October 16 at Madison Square Garden. In the group that will dance here will be Pavlowa and Mordkin, Karsavina and Geltzer, and the other chief dancers of both sets, with the exception of Nijinsky, who never dances on the same evening with Mordkin. After the first performance the two groups will separate; that headed by Nijinsky and Karsavina to dance at the Metropolitan, with a few performances on tour, and that headed by Pavlowa and Mordkin, after the conclusion of the Madison Square Garden engagement, also to go on tour. When the Russians dance at the Metropolitan they will not be seen in connection with the opera, but will give complete performances by themselves: three or four ballets in conjunction.

Photo Bert, Paris

M. ADOLPHE BOLM
(Première danseur classique, Russian Imperial ballet)

In Berlin, Miss Isadora Duncan has founded a model school for her "natural form of dancing," and there little children are taught, educated, trained, and brought up in an artistic atmosphere that is at once both beautiful and hygienic.

BRANDER DE RENNES.

MLLE. NAPIERKOWSKA
(Russian Imperial ballet)

Photo Manuel

THE APACHE DANCE

REGINA BADET
(Opera Comique, Paris)

Matzene, Chicago

ROSE STAHL, WHO OPENS AT THE HARRIS (FORMERLY THE HACKETT) THEATRE ON AUGUST 31, IN "MAGGIE PEPPER"

Rose Stahl—an Actress of Rainbow Personality

SEARCHING for an emblem of Rose Stahl, one arrives quickly at the rainbow. She is essentially a reflective medium. She flashes back a smile. She holds suspended a tear. Sensitive, she reflects the conditions about her. Original, she reflects the thoughts and emotions of a strong, yet easily moved, nature. Like the rainbow, she is brilliant. Rainbow-like, her personality is elusive. The seven-shaded ribbon spanning the sky has not more colors than she has moods, each as distinct, as different, from the rest.

Into my room in a Michigan Avenue Hotel she burst one afternoon, a fashionable figure in a smart white cloth frock, a broad, flat hat covered with a cloudlike white plume, from which peeped a coquettish pink rose. She was a gale of questions about good folk we knew in New York, a whirlwind of jests and laughter. That day she had made an investment, such an investment as yields us the richest returns, something which should make the conditions of life easier for two persons she loved. I looked, or perhaps impertinently asked, the source of all this wealth, and she answered with a laugh and a happy toss of her head:

"I got the money from 'Maggie Pepper.'"

"Maggie Pepper," it was at once clear, is her mighty enthusiasm. Most stars are surgeons to their plays. They dissect them. They remove one organ and supply another. They lop off a living limb and replace it with a wooden one. And often the results are fearful beginnings of woeful failures. Miss Stahl has applied no scalpel to her new comedy drama.

Rather she has accepted it as she accepts her friends, merits, faults, follies, virtues, all in one mass, to her lovableness. And Chicago agreed with her as to the lovableness of spicy Miss Pepper, so saucy that "everyone is calling you Pepper Pot." Would New York agree with Miss Stahl and Chicago? The laughing woman in the white gown with the halo of white plume didn't know, but the uncertainty did not daunt her. The day was too goldenly bright. The breeze came in from the lake through the open window with a too audacious freshness. And her summer jaunt to Europe, on which she was taking a sister who was to make her first crossing, was too imminent.

"I hope New York will like it," she laughed. "But if it doesn't, there's the Road. The Road is generous in appreciation and in money."

We climbed into a waiting automobile, paid a flying call upon Will J. Davis, the manager of the Illinois Theatre, then dashed out upon the broad highway, the road that Mrs. McCormick built, the North Shore Drive. Already the human rainbow beside me presented another color. The gold of her mood had changed to violet. On the next day but one, she would give a benefit performance for Gad's Hill Centre.

"Gad's Hill Centre?" I interrogated. It was that question which changed the color of her mood.

"What is it?" she said. "It is the Chicago charity that most needs help. Some of the institutions in this and other cities grow and improve and become complicated until they have only one sort of wards, the aristocratic paupers. Gad's Hill Centre represents another sort, those who have never had a chance. I paid a visit to the dispensary on the North Side, and I found a noble woman physician working among countless handicaps, chief of which was lack of money. I looked at the wailing little marasmus babies, the mothers who looked as an ox does when it has been struck between the eyes, and thought of the utter helplessness of these poor foreigners, knowing no word of English, so poor that they lived in filth and squalor indescribable. I said: 'They've never had a chance,' and I determined to give them one. I will help the doctors spread the gospel of fresh air, of water and soap,' I said. And I offered her a benefit, and she accepted. I've written the papers asking their help. I've offered to send all the autographs anyone wanted if they would give a dollar apiece for Gad's Hill Centre, the place I've adopted for my hobby. Some women have dogs as a hobby, others have jewels. I don't care for either. Gad's Hill shall be my fad."

Three days later in the farther West I read that dividends had been declared on this investment of good will. The free dispensary at Gad's Hill had been enriched by twenty-five hundred dollars. The gospel of fresh air, water and soap would spread from the top of the hill down its far slopes to its base.

We fell to talking about "Maggie Pepper." "That's a view I love." The white plume and the pink rose nodded to a vista of blue lake water through an interlacing of sturdy brown boughs and a veil of green leaves.

"Maggie is teaching me something about acting that I had not fully realized before. Every part an actress creates is a liberal education to her," she went on. "Each part teaches her something; that is, about acting. Parts do not teach us life. Life teaches us parts. What Maggie Pepper has taught me especially is to smile while suffering myself, and to shed tears only at the suffering of others."

"It is one of the odd coincidences of life—I wonder if they are only coincidences?—that I should play the part of a department store girl, when I have always been so much interested in the lives of the girls who waited upon me in the stores. I have always wondered about their lives at home, and asked about them when I dared. When I had finished my purchases I always left the change with the remark: 'Won't you please have some tea and cake for me? I would have it with you if I had time.' Now, to my pleasure, I am playing the life of one of these girls, a clean, plain, honest life, such as unknown thousands of them lead."

"And there is drama in such a life, humble as it is?"

Rose Stahl turned gray eyes from which all the glints of sunshine had gone, in which was a profound seriousness, upon me.

"There is drama in the life of every woman," she said. "Perhaps the plain lives have the most drama. They have one element of it,—sacrifice. I like to play such women. I will never play the character of a woman who has crossed the border. American audiences don't care for such women on the stage nor in life, and they are right. Why spend three hours at the theatre with a woman you wouldn't invite to your home?"

Flying past the houses of multi-millionaires, Rose Stahl glanced past them at different objects, sights not seen by the occupants of other vehicles dashing past us in their five o'clock drive.

"I have always had the deepest interest in women who work. I am one of them. I sympathize with their struggles. I like to know how they are spending their money. I have said to many of them: 'Don't care for money for money's sake, but for what it will do. The only difference between a large and small amount of money is the difference in helping power. The money you earn will help your family. Don't be too proud of what you do for your family. That may be only a form of selfishness, for as you raise your family you raise yourself. Money should be used to help yourself, too, to travel, to study, to widen one's outlook upon life. And it helps us to help others. Money is helpfulness

White

ROSE STAHL AND FREDERICK TRUESDELL IN "MAGGIE PEPPER."

Photo Moffett

ELSIE LESLIE
Appearing with George Arliss in "Disraeli"

lifted to a high power. We should never look at it in any other light."

"It is well to take the best care of this power of helpfulness," I suggested.

"Very," she assented. "My advice to the girl who is beginning to make money, that is, a little more than a living, is to buy a bond with her first thousand dollars, and to keep on until she has ten bonds. After that she will do well to invest in mortgages in her home town, where some one who cares can look after her interests. She can earn five or six per cent. in this way. You have heard that if we get four per cent. for our money, we can eat, but if we get eight we can sleep, too. If the working woman pines for stocks, she may venture into them, but never use more than twenty per cent., one-fifth, of her capital, so if she loses it, as she probably will, she won't be reduced to begging."

In Chicago, Maggie Pepper led the same sort of life as did Patricia O'Brien in New York—one of good-humored but resolute seclusion. For this she repeated, as we sped past some of the mansions to which she had been bidden, the same satisfying reasons I had heard from her three years before in New York.

"Concentration is the price of success, especially of success on the stage. One can get along without genius, even without much talent, but she can never go far without concentration. Who can concentrate when she is scrambling to get to Mrs. Black's tea from Mrs. White's luncheon, and throughout her performance is wondering how she can get out of her makeup and into her Paris frock in time for Mrs. Green's supper and then go on to Mrs. Brown's ball? Piffle and empty theatres!

"No, no! Now let me prove to you that I am right about not going about. I live so much alone that every one I meet is a personage to me, and everything that happens is a great event. There are no blurred pictures in my conceptions of persons and things. If I lived in the confusion called society, the blurred vision would surely follow.

"That is the psychology of the quiet life. As to the practicality, who makes more money than anyone on the American stage? Maude Adams. Who is personally least known? Maude Adams. There's the answer."

At sight of a laboring man and his wife and their pudgy offspring walking slowly along the lake front on an evident holiday, the tenderness that is always in her eyes at sight of children showed in the long look she cast at the humble trio. She looked over her shoulder at the little family group.

"All the good fortune, all the so-called glory that have come to me, seem to me to be a compensation for what I have missed," she said wistfully. "And what I've missed is what that little woman we passed has, home and children."

If we probe beneath the brilliant surface of her thought we assuredly reach a strong, supporting stratum, the philosophy she derived from her eight years of student life in a convent in Montreal.

"A convent is a splendid preparatory school for the stage." A whimsical smile followed this audacity, but the reason followed. The star of Maggie Pepper has the forensic gift.

"I am more grateful to the nuns than for any other influence that made and kept me an actress. Indeed, I do mean it. I learned more about acting from the way they read to us 'The Lives of the Saints,' which they did while we were at the table, than from any other source. That was the way I learned to read. In that way I learned to give words their true value.

"But the nuns taught me how to live, and that is the basic lesson of acting. They taught me to bear what comes with patience. I learned from them to make an offering of every disappointment for some good I have received which is unexpected.

"They taught me the futility of vanity. When passing a mirror we girls would look in. A gentle voice near us would say, in a casual way, addressing nobody: 'She looks well enough now, but think how she will look some day!' Always the warning finger was pointing to death, which is inevitable. If we complained that the plaits in a dress turned one way when they should turn another, a pitying smile would cross one of the serene faces, and we would hear, 'There will come a time, perhaps soon, when it will not matter at all which way the plaits of your dress are turned.'

"They taught us equanimity. If it rained on Saturday when we wanted to go for a picnic they would remind us, 'Somewhere the sun is shining, for the Virgin must dry her veil.'"

That night the stage curtain of the Illinois Theatre rose upon the cheerlessness of a stock-room in a great department store. People came and went uttering the jargon of their trade. Suddenly there was a hush in the audience. Something had happened on the stage to focus the divided interest. A woman had crept in from the first entrance, a crushed, crouching, tired little figure in rusty black, with a worn, sad face and hopeless eyes. For five minutes she said not a word, merely glancing in a frightened way from one to the other, her eyes travelling from stern faces to angry ones, from angry to indifferent. But one forgot all the other figures on the stage, and saw only hers. When she spoke at last: "I've

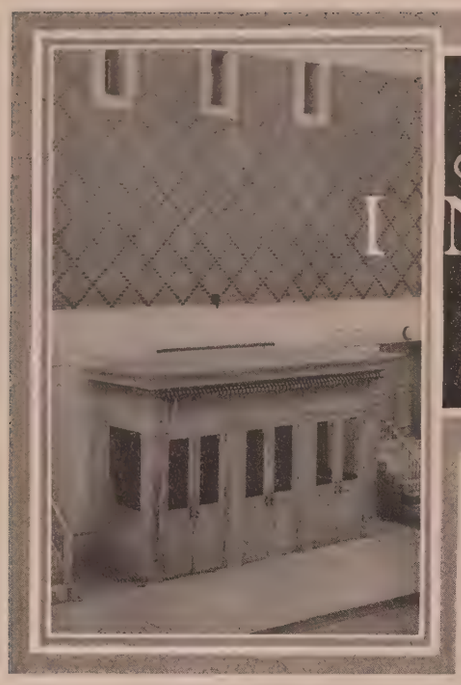
(*Continued on page vii*)

Copright Moffett, Chicago

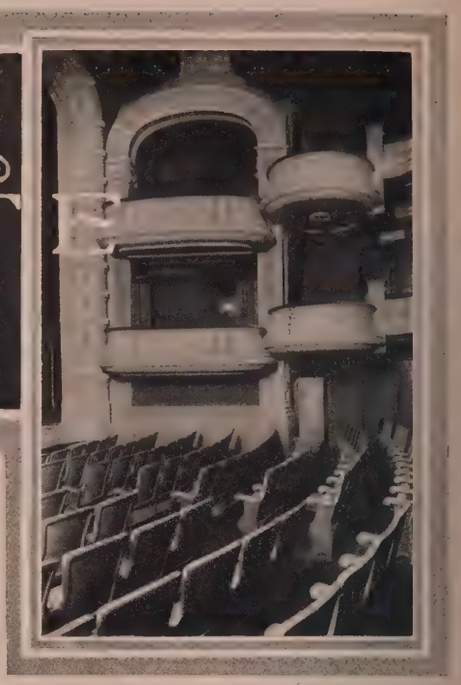
LILLIAN RUSSELL

At present appearing in vaudeville, and to be seen in a new play this winter

THE INTIMATE THEATRE



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW COMEDY THEATRE



INTERIOR OF THE NEW COMEDY THEATRE

A COUPLE of years ago came the glad tidings that in New York there was to be built the equivalent of a national theatre. And every American who takes a heart interest in the drama perked up with a little air of artistic self-consciousness. It was to be the most imposing theatre in the world—the mere roll-call of its fairy godfathers, the founders, assured us of that, and their order, "carte blanche," reassured us.

No time was lost in puttering preliminaries, for if the men who fostered the New Theatre had not learned that art is long, they knew as well as anyone that life is short. Once persuaded that it was desirable for New York to have a theatre which would serve as a palace of art, with a thump on the table, they gave the order: "One national theatre, well done, in a hurry."

Something artistic and handsome was wanted—style and all that. And the theatre that was built to meet the specifications was a dream, a vision of delight. Also, it was too big. In a quite literal sense, it was swell.

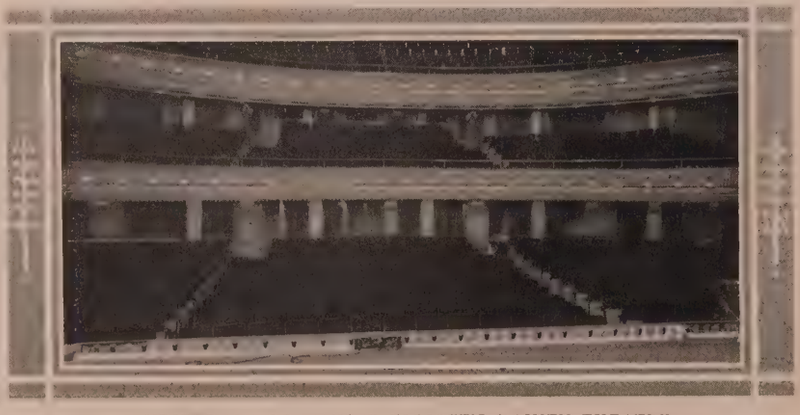
"Shrink it!" was the command.

So they shrank it. Of no avail. The young American drama still rattled around inside. For the playhouse was constructed on the heroic scale, a palace fit for the gods; while the plays of to-day aim to be just life size and no larger. Also the contemporary playgoing public is less concerned with armies and processions, spectacles and displays, than with the character and concerns of this or that particular man and woman. It has turned from perspective to become introspective. It may still do homage to a spectacular hero, but all heroes are now subject to a very searching scrutiny. Smoked glasses have been discarded as old-fashioned. And the playwright knows it. He has known it ever since he became acquainted with the Ibsen influence. The actor knows it. He no longer struts about, bumptious, bombastic, every-move-a-picture. He is as human as he knows how to be. Even the managers know it. A dozen theatres in New York are particularly adapted to the presentation of the intimate drama—plays in which the story is told with such simplicity and general fidelity to life that the spectator sees the action develop as though in a room from which the fourth wall is removed.

This sort of theatre, built for the most modern plays, is unquestionably the highest development of the art of theatre building. It is America's first definite contribution to the world's drama. It was the more unfortunate, then, that the minds guiding the destiny of the New Theatre should have overlooked this advantage. It is within the last decade that the work of author, actor, and stage director, has been supplemented by the architect and play producer. Together they evolved the intimate theatre. In the first place, these houses are only half as large as the old-fashioned theatres, and they are so built that the audience is brought much closer to the stage. In many of the new auditoriums the man occupying the last seat in the second balcony is as near the actors as though he sat in the first row of the first balcony in most of the old-fashioned houses constructed on Continental lines. They are still building these theatres in Europe, but their curiosity has been awakened, and soon they will cease to model their auditoriums on the horseshoe plan, and adopt the fan-shaped arrangement of the seats by which they ripple out from the stage in the arcs of a widening circle.

White

AUDITORIUM OF W. A. BRADY'S NEW THEATRE IN FORTY-EIGHTH STREET, CALLED THE PLAYHOUSE



AUDITORIUM OF MAXINE ELLIOTT'S DAINTY THEATRE

How keenly the actor appreciates the difference between working in the new and old style theatres may be judged from the fervor with which Mr. Forbes Robertson last year praised Maxine Elliott's theatre on Thirty-ninth Street, where he

Moffett

JOSEPHINE VICTOR
Who will be seen as the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler" this season

appeared in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was a new experience, he said, to act in a house where one felt that every spectator was at one's elbow. In England there are plenty of small theatres, the houses being, as a rule, rather smaller than in this country, but these are built on the same horse shoe plan. with narrow and deep, rather than wide and shallow, auditoriums. The balconies, too, are supported on posts, for foreign architects appear to be still distrustful of the cantilever system. By adopting it our architects have given a pitch to the balconies, which brings them much closer to the stage. In the Globe Theatre, for instance Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the New Theatre, have slanted the floor and both balconies at an angle which makes the two balconies seem to incline their ears in suspense toward the stage. Then, too, there is a festive animation in the red and gold color scheme that invests the auditorium with a sense of liveliness thoroughly in keeping with comedy. Truly it seems as though some of our architects should be credited with the most distinctive achievements in the way of artistic progress that American drama has yet realized.

The prototype of the intimate theatre was the Lyceum on Forty-fifth Street. A year before work was started on this building, Mr. Daniel Frohman was conferring with the architects, Herts and Tallant, to devise a way of bringing actor and audience nearer each other without sacrificing any illusion. It was decided to have only fourteen rows in the orchestra instead of the customary twenty-odd, and the two balconies were eight and seven rows deep. As a result the actors did not have to volley their lines through the auditors assembled at their feet in order to reach the spectators sitting in the suburbs of gallery and balcony.

How times have changed, and methods with them, is apparent when we hear our forebears recall the grandeur of John McCullough and a few of his contemporaries. It is cited, as proof of his forceful acting, that when he delivered his exhortation to the gladiators you could hear him three blocks away. No need of a barker for a tragedian with such vocal range! With one bark John McCullough would blow Mrs. Fiske off the boards. If he were to storm the Lyceum stage, most of the spectators would want to emulate Ulysses and watch the bombardment with wax in their ears.

"An old barn of a theatre," is a phrase that does many of the earlier houses no injustice. In order to fill the auditorium the players often must pitch their voices like so much hay back into the yawning mow of a gallery. Acting in them is like shooting at long range—one overshoots the mark to reach the target. This is no great handicap in low comedies with broad character types, or in heroic plays, which are built on a scale somewhat larger than life. But the swordplay of drawing-room comedy wits, and the nuances of modern realistic drama, are ineffective in houses which can accommodate themselves on demand to opera. These need the intimate theatre.

It is something of a problem for actors to walk, and talk, and conduct themselves as though the fourth wall of the scene were still in the room, while in reality they are making every move for the edification of a thousand people sitting just outside where the wall ought to be. The situation is considerably less artificial if this human wall with a thousand pairs of eyes and ears is close at hand instead of ranging off in magnificent distances. It might almost be said that, on some occasions, unless one is close enough to hear Mrs. Fiske think, one would miss much of the significance of her character. Her acknowledged pre-eminence in intimate acting in America has drawn many people to see her in one or two of her Ibsen productions when the mental conflict could only be seen through a glass darkly. Undoubtedly it was not Mrs. Fiske's intention to be obscure, and to many people who divined the character she was doubtless perfectly legible.

To Sarah Bernhardt

A plaintive voice—the voice of gold,
A glorious face which ne'er grows old,
A smile, as if some wondrous scent
Were wafted from the Orient.

Two eyes, like jewels, where glowing fire
Seems burning with a great desire
And alternate with racking tear,
The rippling laugh rings sweet and clear.

Unmindful of time's flowing sand,
A reincarnate "Peter Pan."
Oh—wonder woman, ever young,
Pray leave your final song unsung.

D. M.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ACTOR, GOING TO PLAY GOLF, HIS FAVORITE RECREATION

Photo Moffett

MABEL FRENYEAR
Lately with W. H. Crane and now appearing in vaudeville

Photo Downing

EDITH HELENA
Prima donna with the Aborn English Grand Opera Co.

It has served, however, to draw her into the flock of those actors and writers who are accused of being, not artists, but photographers. To this charge Mrs. Fiske responds:

"Acting is as far from photography as portraiture. A man may easily paint an uninteresting portrait; he can hardly make a camera of himself. Even with the intention to mimic with absolute fidelity, one would unconsciously select, choose the salient, characteristic points. The art is in the right selection of the proper emphasis. As for repression, that is the chief characteristic of some people, especially people of to-day, don't you think? Why, a person whose whole life is controlled, dominated by a calculating mind, will show agitation only under the stress of overwhelming emotion.

"Now if, in the uneventful passages of a play, actors strike a distinctly higher key than would be used in the business of every day, they obviously will be inclined to force their work to reach a climax. And in the intimate theatres any exaggeration is so much more palpable that they should prove an effective influence in bringing about better acting. Consider that for a moment—how the plan of the walls aids in shaping our thoughts and our work. By bringing the plays closer home to the audience, the work of both author and actor must stand a closer scrutiny, so that both should become more accurate. I find, too, that it is more stimulating to work in an intimate theatre, because the mind of the audience is so much more sharply concentrated."

This advantage which Mrs. Fiske cites is an obvious one to any actor. For unless he feels that the whole audience is within easy reach, he will stretch for it. The first thing required of an actor is that he get his part "over the footlights," and to overcome any difficulty in doing this he will almost inevitably enlarge his gestures, pound his points, in a word, exaggerate nature. In the newer theatres it requires no such physical exertion to "get it over." The distance from the footlights to the first row of spectators, and from them to the most remote seat, has been reduced nearly one-half. Here the actor may grow as confidential as he likes, the playwright may fashion his comedy ever so delicately, and it need not be lost on the spectators.

Ten years ago the play may have been the thing, but it was by no means the whole thing. Gowns, scenery, and elaborate mounting counted heavily. Then came one or two simple little comedies, with half a dozen people in the cast, and a scenic outfit that could be carried in the baggage coach ahead, and everybody in the play-making business took the hint with alacrity and returned to the simple life. It was good business. Take such a play as "The Climax," for instance; there were five companies on the road, and if the railroad had ever failed them they could almost have made their next stand in a taxicab. It is not surprising if some of these plays appearing in big theatres seemed inadequate. Supposing they were preceded in a city by Sothern and Marlowe in their Shakespearian repertoire? The spectator might well feel that there was some discrepancy in the returns he got for his money. The actors were lost in too big a frame.

Mr. Sothern, who has applied himself to romantic and Shakespearian plays until he stands first in his own field among American actors, believes that the intimate drama is more of an innovation than a revolution. After a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" one night last winter, he was discussing

(*Continued on page viii*)

White Weed White

JULIAN ELTINGE IN HIS FEMININE IMPERSONATIONS

The idea of a man masquerading in women's clothes is repellent to normally constituted persons, and, according to this actor's manager, Mr. Eltinge himself is not in sympathy with his work. In private life he is a manly fellow, ready, if necessary, to back up an argument with his fists, and he is ambitious to gain legitimate honors as a player of romantic rôles. He assumes feminine garb merely because he is successful in impersonating the fair sex, and because of the considerable money there is in it

Barker

STAGE SETTING FOR PEELE'S PLAY, "THE OLD WIVES' TALE," AS PRESENTED AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

A Drama for Children

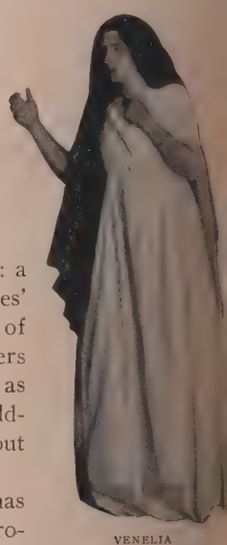
DID you see "Peter Pan"? Did the tears come to your eyes as you saw it? Did you hear the laughter of the children? Have you seen "The Bluebird," where the children go searching for the ever elusive bird of happiness? Have you heard in "The Piper" the wailing voices of the old people left by themselves when the children were stolen away from them? Is it your opinion that the children have at last come to their own in the drama as everywhere else? Dream-children, it may be, but infinitely delightful to you because of the throng of memories they bring into your heart? What is the appeal these plays make to adults? Is is not wholly their evident moral? Is not some of its memory of childhood's deeds and stories tightening our hearts?

THE SORCERER

Yet you are mistaken if you think this is the first time the deeds and stories of childhood have attracted the writers of plays. You remember, of course, "Jack-the-Giant-Killer" and "The Sleeping Beauty." But did you know that in one story Jack was killed and his body refused burial, and that a stranger paid to have it buried? More than this, did you know this stranger was the Prince who loved the Sleeping Beauty, and that Jack's Ghost, in gratitude, was the guide who led him through the maze to the very room where the Princess sleeps? It may be that you never heard the story of Childe Roland, who went to seek his sister after a dragon had carried her away, or of the maiden who found a fortune in a well. But these are good old English fairy tales, all of them, the kind of stories one hears in his childhood and associates with childhood memories. And here is just the point where your mistaken notion that these children's plays are new things under the sun shows itself. It is only three hundred and twenty years ago, at least, that one was written, which made use of all these stories I have mentioned, and filled the audience which listened to it with somewhat the same delight that the plays of Barrie or Maeterlinck, or Miss Peabody, fill us to-day. George Peele, who wrote before Shakespeare, was the author, and his play, "The Old Wives' Tale."

ZANTEPPA AT THE MAGIC WELL

Peele was ahead of his time. He knew his business, and while his work is crude, it is as good as that of many of his associates. The only place to tell stories is around the fireplace; especially fairy stories. The only one to tell them is a grandmother. The only listeners now-a-days should be children. In Peele's time, when grown-ups were not ashamed to believe in ghosts and fairies, the story might well be told to them. This is the situation which Peele lays before us: a group around the fire, listening to the old wives' tale. Suddenly there is a transformation. Out of the fireplace bursts one by one the characters of the story; the old wife loses her place as narrator and looks with delight upon the unfolding before her very eyes of the tale she was about to tell.



VENELIA

At least, that is the way it has been worked out at the reproduction of Peele's play, given recently by the English Department of Middlebury College. The plans for production included the construction of a stage modelled after one for which Peele might have written his play; the enhancing of the fairy effect by introducing fairy dances in addition to the harvest dances Peele had included in his play, and the getting together a cast equal to the presentation of Peele's somewhat difficult play. The special stage was a complete success. According to the necessary custom of Peele's time, there were no footlights, all the lighting being otherwise arranged for, neither was there a front curtain. As the audience was seated, it saw before it a stage somewhat wider than is common, and but sixteen feet deep. At the back and centre of this stage hung a curtain. Near it, on either side, were exits. In front of one of these there stood a cross, and before the other there was a mound (*Continued on page vi*)

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

VICHY, August 5, 1911.

VICHY is the model watering place of France. It has been so ever since Napoleon III contributed to its embellishment from his personal fortune. The emperor was affected with gall-stones, so came to Vichy each year for the cure, and occupied a pretty cottage which he had built in the new park by the bank of the river Allier. If the waters of Vichy did not keep the august invalid from dying they at least gave him great relief. That he was not ungrateful is shown by the fact that the plans for the park at the western side of the town were drawn under his patronage, and bordered with pretty villas.

Madame de Sévigné, called the divine marquise, stopped here one season, and the pavilion which she so much praised in her exquisite letters to her daughter still stands, though the waters of Allier no longer bathe its foundations.

Mmes. Adelaide and Victoire, the aunts of Louis XVI, so highly appreciated the life-giving qualities of the waters that they came again, and then decided to erect a thermal station, which Napoleon first patronized in his turn, and which was finally opened under the auspices of the Duchesse d'Angoulème in 1814.

Much has been said against watering-places, and not without plausible reasons. There are some that do not merit the con-

Photo Felix

Mlle. Genevieve Vix, of the Opera Comique. Gown of sulphur satin, veiled with embroidered tulle. The bodice is embroidered in high relief with flowers of gold. Creation Paquin

Photo Felix
Gown of white tulle with a black border. The tunic of black and white striped tulle is gracefully draped. Buckle of small gold rococo roses. Creation Redfern, Paris.

fidence accorded them. I could cite a number which, under the pretext of springs, have built thermal establishments, but an analysis of whose waters bears a striking analogy to rain water.

Enghien is at the very doors of Paris, access to it is easy for all players who cannot obtain entrance to the Paris clubs. They are received with open arms at the Enghien casino. It was Villemessant, the founder of *Figaro,* who made Enghien the fashion during the second Empire. But at that time gambling did not exist, the attraction consisted of a galaxy of literary lights.

It is by design that I compare Vichy and Enghien. Vichy, whether in a good or bad year, can boast of receiving more than one hundred thousand bathers, while Enghien can never boast of more than a few hundred, for the crow which fills Enghien daily returns the same night to Paris.

Trouville-by-the-Sea, the smartest seaside place, is justified for the benefits she derives from gambling by the expenditure of enormous sums for fêtes during the great fortnight from the tenth to the twenty-fifth of August. It is the same case with Aix-les-Bains and Biarritz.

All these beaches and thermal stations were, until a few years ago, infested with sharps, or professional players, whose work consisted in devouring the unsuspecting amateurs. The Clemenceau law, which was passed a few years ago, put an end to their exploits, for by decreeing that fifteen per cent. of the receipts should be donated to the poor it actually gave the government inspectors a certain amount of control over every casino.

The most daring exploits of these sharpers occurred at the roulette tables of Monte Carlo some twenty years ago. For example, a syndicate of Italians in league with the croupiers of the casino so manipulated one of the tables that certain of the numbers won in a most surprising fashion, thanks to which the management lost more than half a million in one evening. It was after this occurrence that the tables were inspected daily before the opening of the gaming rooms.

The other combination was worthy of a Sherlock Holmes. In league with one of the firemen, to whose keeping the cellars of the Casino are confided, it was agreed that the said fireman should turn off the gas at a certain minute, while his accomplices in the gambling rooms should, during the ensuing confusion, gather up all the money lying on the different tables. The scheme was so successful that the conspirators got away with one million! Since which occurrence the Casino management has added to its gas and electric lights the further guarantee of oil lamps!

Roulette is played only at Monte Carlo, being interdicted in France. Baccarat is the favorite game at the clubs and casinos. The sharpers have found ways of making illegal gains from it also. Here is an incident which took place at Cannes:

An infirm old man, with eyes covered with smoked glasses, and flanked by two domestics, got off the cars at the railway station, where an invalid carriage was awaiting him. With all ceremony he was conveyed to one of the most reputable hotels, where he engaged one of the most luxurious suites. In a short time the whole town knew that the Comte de X——, the grand chamberlain of a certain foreign court, and a rich landed proprietor, was a guest at the hotel. As there was not much going on at the Casino, it was decided to invite Monsieur le Chambellan to "take the bank." He turned a deaf ear to the invitation at first, but finally ended by accepting. He alleged that he knew little of the game. The result, therefore, was totally unexpected. The fake invalid was soon the gainer of several hundred thousand francs. His trick was discovered through a combination of circumstances, for one of the gaming inspectors also happened to wear colored glasses, so that he could see that a number of the cards had been rubbed with sulphur, a detail that was invisible without the colored glasses.

Of a different character is the tale of the Duchesse de B., who some twenty-five years ago was one of the delights of Monte Carlo. Even then she was the type of the handsome dowager with silver hair, but at the same time one of the most daring players in the principality. She was the first to enter the gaming rooms, and almost the last to quit them. She had her "system," and her fetich. The latter was a superb rake with ivory teeth, each tooth incrusted with precious stones, the whole an example

hoto Felix Mlle. B. Bovy of the Comédie-Française. Model by Madame Lenthéric

f the jeweller's art, and of inestimable alue. Despite the fetich the plucky wom- n lost all her fortune, valued at several illions.

The Marquis de C—— was also an un- usual character. The Paris clubs had no nore frequent visitor than he. The greater art of his existence was passed at the reen table. From five o'clock in the after- oon until the milkmen began their morn- ng rounds the Marquis de C—— played accarat.

One night, having lost a large sum of noney borrowed from the cashier of the lub, the lender, seized with misgivings, ac- ompanied him to his home in order to be epaid. The marquis begged the cashier to wait him in the salon, while he went to etail the misfortune to his wife.

"It is necessary that you get me out of his scrape, my honor is at stake." The narquise, who understood human weak- esses, handed him her pearl collar, a fam- ly jewel to which she was much attached.

"There," said she, "give that as security." But the marquis, with a sad smile, replied: 'Impossible, my dear, your collar is imita- ion. It is a long time since the original as been in pawn!"

Georges Feydeau, in the "Fil a la Patte," rew with infinite spirit the character of a general, minister of war of Bolivia, who had been charged to buy some new rapid fire cannon for the Bolivian army. He was received in the official circles with all the honors due his rank. The general, who had a short memory, forgot to buy the cannon, and was ruined at play. Every time he lost the other players would exclaim, "Another cannon lost."

PARIS, August 5, 1911.

The two leading events of the month of July were the yearly prize awards of the Conservatoire and the resignation of M. le Bargy as member of the Comédie Française.

There has been much discussion of the distribution of the Conservatoire prizes. No great voice or original temperament was disclosed. But there have been many other competitions which have produced like results. Therefore, those who criticize have not the right to say that this year shows a decline in talent.

But the competitions are held under conditions that are not altogether advantageous. Formerly, they were held in the hall of the Conservatoire, a small room that contained few seats. The directors of the Conservatoire gave these seats to people whom they knew, and were interested in the competition. At times this public was a little more enthusiastic than was altogether necessary, but at least it was a sensible and relatively competent public.

To-day the competitions are held in one of the big theatres. Thus it was that in one of the singing competitions the audience was much displeased that the first prize was not awarded to a certain young woman with a strong voice, who in one quite easy scene was never for a moment faithful to the score, but who sang and shouted at random.

As for M. le Bargy, the unforgettable creator of the "Marquis de Priola," in accord with the rules instituted by Napoleon I for the control of the Comédie Française, has sent a second letter of resignation to M. Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française.

His resignation is thus registered in the

Photo Felix Mlle. B. Bovy. Creation of Mme. Lenthéric

Photo Felix

Mlle. Nelly Béryl of the Théatre des Nouveautes. Gown of guipure with embroidered insertions. The girdle is of black velvet and white satin striped ribbon. Creation Doeuillet

Photo Felix

Creation Paquin

annals of the committee: "M. le Bargy renews his resignation. The committee finds itself obliged to accept it with regret. It deplores the fact that M. le Bargy finds himself obliged to rest. The Society of Comediens *reserves all its rights.*"

This last phrase must be explained. There are precedents to this resignation, precedents that caused much ink to flow. Two of the shining lights of the House of Molière, M. Coquelin and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, resigned in an uproar, the comedian following occurrences in "Thermidor," and Bernhardt left to found the theatre which still bears her name.

The plans of M. le Bargy remain to be found out, for he has thus far taken no one into his confidence. In truth, he will be a great loss to the Comédie Française. Here is the opinion of Mounet-Sully, the senior member of the Comédie Française:

"I admire le Bargy immensely; he is intelligent and sensible — a great actor. Since he asks to retire I cannot forbid him his wish to rest far from the noise of the theatre. But if he has retired with the idea of playing in other theatres, as the dean of our body I cannot but censure him. I only pardoned Coquelin for leaving us on the day he founded his admirable House of Retreat for Actors. If it is to undertake such a work that le Bargy abandons the House of Molière, I will excuse him; but I have my doubts....."

M. Sylvain, the next oldest member of the Comédie Française, is more severe:

"Yes, le Bargy has sent in his final resignation. Certainly, the Comédie Française possesses some remarkable artists, but it is not without regret that an actor such as he departs. But it is unpardonable if he leaves us to become the headline of another theatre, and so compete with us. In that case we shall be obliged to institute a suit. Le Bargy would then be forced to pay one hundred thousand francs to the Comédie Française. Despite the protections of government officials, Coquelin was forced to pay, also Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Brandès.

"This action on the part of our comrade is much to be deplored. The contracts that one makes should be lived up to, even those with the House of Molière."

Such is the state of mind of the members of the committee of our national theatre. We are evidently in for an artistic lawsuit that will bring out many surprises.

PETRONIUS.

Photo Ph. Agié — Eggiman, Publisher

THE HOME OF PAQUIN, PARIS

The photograph of Miss O'Brien which appeared in our July issue was a creation of Maison Paquin

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June 1, 1911

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A Drama For Children

(Continued from page 106)

of earth. This stage was a uniform dark red, with which the curtain blended. The cross was the color of moss-grown granite, and to relieve the red there were signs painted in gold over the exits, reading *To Fairyland*, etc., after a tradition of the Elizabethan stage. Some say this is a false tradition, but even if there were no signs, they defend themselves as one notes their effect upon the color scheme. The curtain however, was there for a purpose; it hid an inner stage. When it was open, there was revealed on one side the fire-place, at which the old wife starts to tell her tale, and on the other a magic well which, with its sweep and oaken bucket, figures in the story. Behind these and between them, curtains hid the cell of Sacrapant, a mighty sorcerer and a sore magician, the evil genius in the play. Above his cell there ran a railing to a balcony. This inner stage was also finished in the same dull red, with the fire-place and the cell in stone color, and a soiled old wooden settle next the fire. And here, again, the lettering of the signs in gold relieved the eye. Upon a stage even more simple than this Peele's play was first acted.

The atmosphere of the play is the atmosphere of fairy story. There is in it a sorcerer, Sacrapant, whose works are evil, and a good and holy man, by name Erestus, whose spells undo the power of Sacrapant. There are two girls whom Sacrapant has charmed, and two who seek their fortunes at a magic well, where wonderful heads arise and prophesy them good. These girls, all four, have lovers, with whom they are united by mysterious powers beyond their control. Yet there is no mention of the fairies within the play. To make more vivid the fairy atmosphere, fairy dances have been introduced to open and to close the play; and through the whole of the action, as they open and shut the curtain, set by magic a mysterious table and do the bidding of the sorcerer, the fairies are weaving their spell over all. The beauty of the dances was assured when Miss Isabel Stephens, of New York, was secured to stage them, under the direction of Miss Caroline Crawford, who staged so perfectly the dances in "The Blue Bird," as produced at the New Theatre last winter.

The actors were the members of the Senior and Junior Classes in the college. As Middlebury is co-educational it was possible to give the woman's parts to women, thus assuring a much more adequate presentation of the play than would be possible without them. And yet, men predominated in the cast.

There is abundance of true humor in the situations and large opportunity for apt and telling characterization. If Peele were writing now he would lose the freedom and the simplicity which characterize his only contribution to true English comedy.

What he had in mind when he wrote the play we can never certainly know, but looked at in the light of the twentieth century its spirit is the spirit of "Peter Pan," of boyhood's heterogeneous and vivid imaginings of adventure.

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Book Review

DRAMATIC VALUES. By C. E. Montague. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1911. $1.25.

This small volume, charmingly written, is made up from reviews that appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* or in the *English Review*. Their charm consists not only in the delightful phrasing, but in the love of truth and in the analytical and critical keenness of the writer. The volume has value to the student of the drama, not as history but as criticism. Every line in it is thoughtfully suggestive. Mr. Montague, among other things, discusses profitably and entertainingly: Good Acting; The Well-Made Play; Some Plays of Mr. G. B. Shaw; Three Acted Plays of Molière; Improvements in Play-Making; Some Points of Ibsen; Play-Going at Stratford-on-Avon; Good and Bad Subjects for Plays, and The Wholesome Play.

Jameson Lee Finney Dead

Jameson Lee Finney, the well-known American actor, was burned to death in a fire at the Carlton Hotel, London, on August 9 last. Mr. Finney was born in St. Louis in 1863. He was educated to be an artist, but, attracted to the stage, he made his début as a super in "The Marble Heart" in 1881. He was first seen in New York in 1892. His last appearance was in "The Deep Purple."

ROSE STAHL

(Continued from page 100)

worked here for fifteen years. When I began I was a cash girl that high," measuring with a thin, expressive hand the height of her knee, one forgot the speeches of all the rest. That is power. That is what caused a famed London critic to write:

"I have seen four incomparable actresses, Duse, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and Ada Rehan. With these, because of her glorious voice and her indefinable charm, I do not hesitate to rank Rose Stahl."

And as the curtain rose and fell upon the divisions of the play, and the black-robed figure dominated every scene with unapparent effort, there came echoing out of the caverns of memory a wish uttered that admired voice, the first time I heard it in surroundings more intimate than those of the theatre, a wish uttered with the deep note of sincerity, that is of such moving quality when flung at us over the footlights at our hearts.

"I want to appear in human plays, the kind of homely, heart-touching plays one could look upon were the roofs removed from the homes of the middle classes. I want to play women, real women, the kind that buy shirt waists at popular-priced department stores on bargain days."

It was a prophetic wish, one of which we have seen in the two plays of her stardom entire fulfillment.

I reminded her of this as we left the dark, narrow little stage door into the scarcely lighter street. She smiled, but her joy in the new success was tempered. Perhaps it was because the sight of those patient, hopeless folk at Gad's Hill Centre had sunk deeply and permanently into her consciousness. Who knows whence all thoughts come? This, at all events, was her reply:

"I am thankful for my good fortune, but I often think of the other Rose Stahl, who might have done as well, or better, if she had had the chance."

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Victor Records

To that gifted composer, Victor Herbert, belongs the honor of composing the first great American opera, "Natoma," and it is with a great deal of pleasure that one listens to the rendition of the famous Dagger Dance from this work when it is played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra under his own personal direction. This odd Dagger Dance, like other characteristic numbers in the opera, is based on Indian melodies which Victor Herbert has been collecting for years. Its melody is most entrancing, and its performance by Victor Herbert's Orchestra can be depended upon to be a perfect interpretation of the work. This is one of the numbers by this organization in the September list of new Victor Records. The other records contain two exquisite Macdowell pieces, "Woodland Sketches," which are favorites on Mr. Herbert's programs and are delightfully rendered.

The first piano record ever made with orchestra accompaniment is contributed by Frank LaForge, who gives a masterly rendition of a movement from the favorite Grieg "Concerto," with a most sympathetic accompaniment by the Victor Orchestra. There is also another piano solo by Charles Gilbert Spross, who plays the dainty little "Marche Mignonne." A splendid harp solo is another feature, the Braga number, "Angel's Serenade," being most attractively given by Charles Schuetze.

The Finale from Tschaikowsky's "Fourth Symphony" is beautifully rendered by Arthur Pryor's Band, and two other fine numbers are played by two other celebrated bands—"Ingelsina March," by Vessella's Italian Band, and "Dance of the Wood Nymphs," by Kryl's Bohemian Band. The Victor Dance Orchestra plays a splendid waltz medley of melodies from the "Pink Lady," which is combined on a double-faced record with the famous old "Immortellen Waltz," also in dance time.

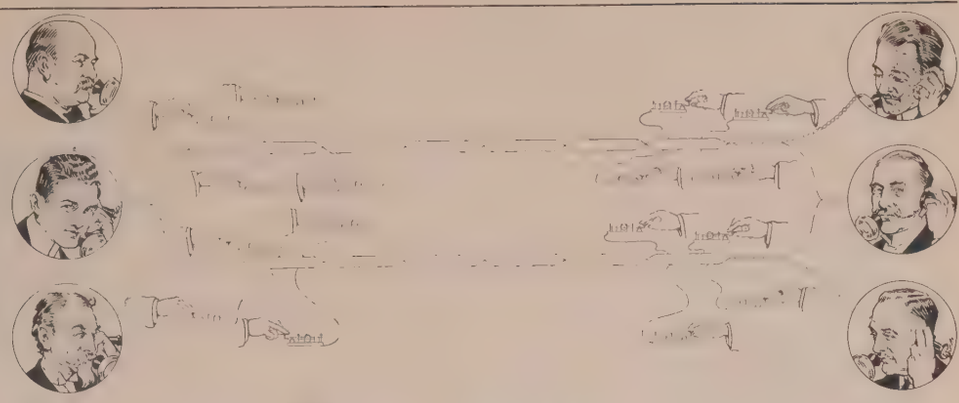
Books Received

AN ARDENT AMERICAN. A novel by Mrs. Russell Codman. New York: The Century Co.

EXCUSE ME. A novel based upon the play by Rupert Hughes. New York: H. K. Fly Co.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA. A novel by W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

WHEN THE RED GODS CALL. A novel by Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.



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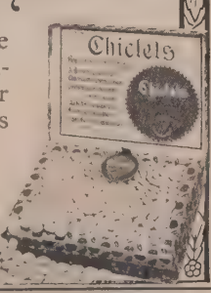

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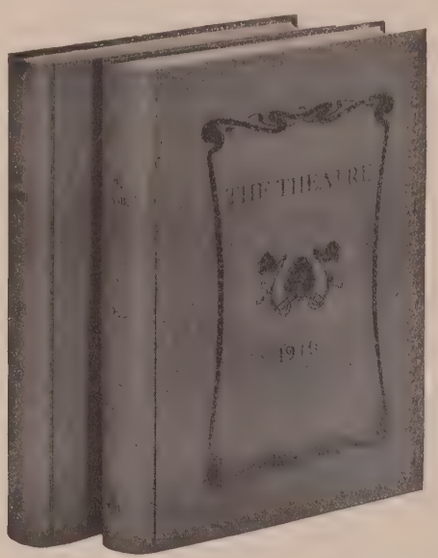

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The Intimate Theatre

(Continued from page 105)

ie intimate theatre and also realistic acting. "The managers who are building such small ieatres," he said, "have, in my opinion, been isled by the present popularity of small plays. ı another year or two the pendulum is likely swing back again and their houses won't hold ıough people to pay the running expenses of big production. If Miss Marlowe and I atmpted to give our plays in a theatre holding ıly a thousand people, we couldn't possibly get it on it. Even if we packed the house from t to dome at every performance, we would not able to make the next town.

"It requires a big theatre and a big stage to ount the plays in our repertoire and get the ght effect. In so many of Shakespeare's plays ere are crowds, combats, armies marching, and l that, and it requires vista and space to approximate these things. In the larger theatres ie paints with a larger brush. When the same ble is enacted in a smaller house you are not ing to employ a difficult method; you will erely moderate your strokes."

However, there is no prospect of the production of big plays being curtailed by the lack of g houses. For there are practically no small ieatres in large cities outside of New York. nd the reason so many are found in Manhatn is chiefly commercial. In the first place, uilding restrictions require such large areaays around amusement buildings of any conderable seating capacity that the value of the al estate involved makes them doubtful venres. Then, too, producers usually make little no money from the run of a play in a Broadıy theatre. And yet every week in New York, ith its millions of transient visitors, means luable advertising throughout the country. The reat White Way is a marathon course with g stakes for the production which can stay ngest in the race.

When a Broadway success goes out on the ad it hopes to pack big audiences into big eatres. Now, an intimate play that may have ld the spectator glued to his chair in the close nfines of an intimate theatre will have quite little of its electric power dissipated in the ace of a deep auditorium. For we have all sponded to an elusive charm, an aura of perıality that radiates only to a certain distance; ıd, particularly, there is a telepathic unanimity mind that may be conveyed within a charmed rcle, but cannot be transmitted over too wide a nge. This is a different phase of the art of ting than that employed in the picturesque ectacular school. There we are carried out ourselves by the freedom, force and surge of ents. In the intimate plays we are more apt

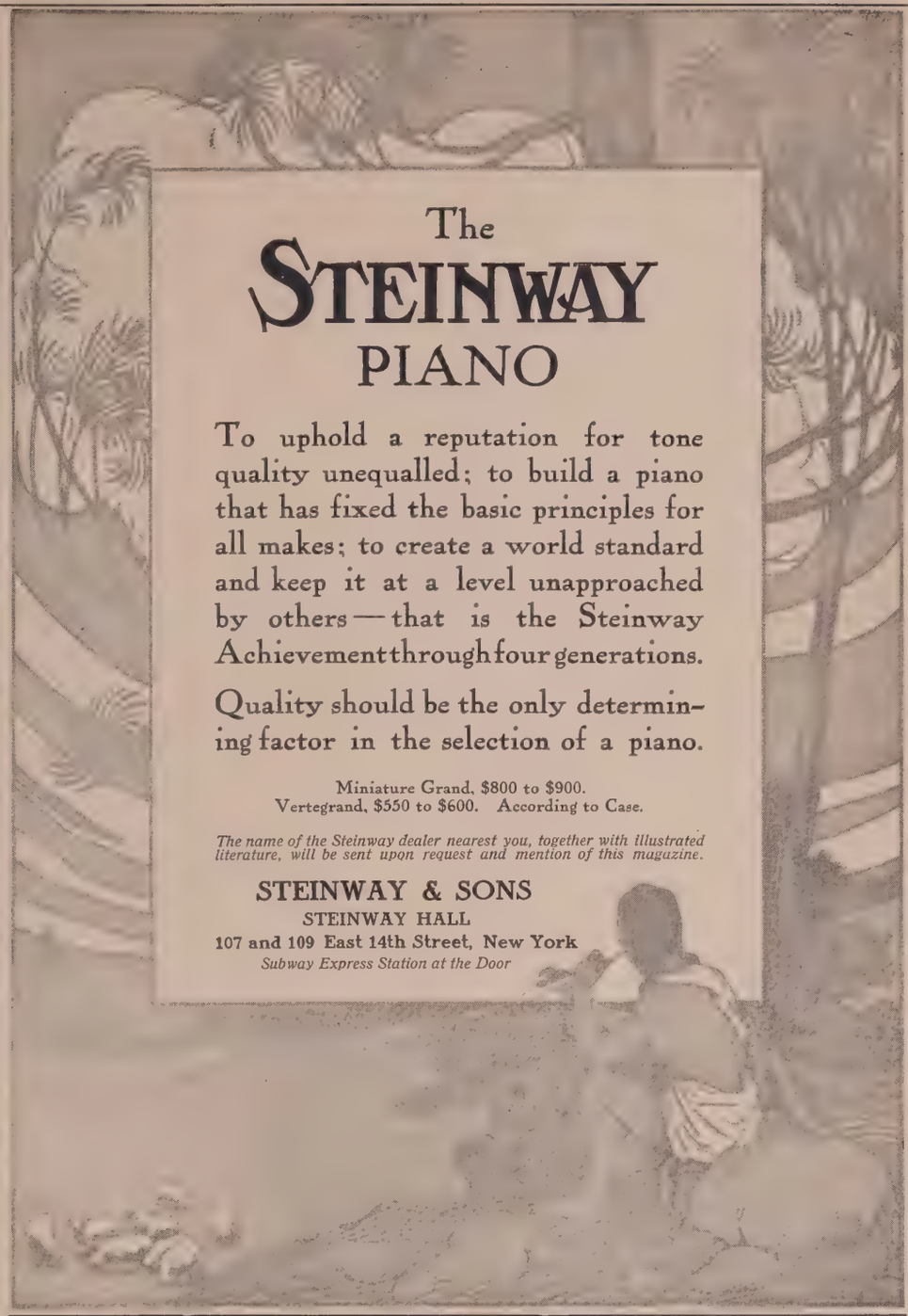
(Concluded on page xiii)

Peg Woffington in Paris

(Continued from page 84)

mperament. When little Davy, in a rash hour, mpted her with a wedding ring, she had presence enough to decline the alliance. We who ek to uphold the dignity of the actor's art by ying emphasis on the purple patches in the riegated records of the theatre, have we not ason to feel thankful for the clearsightedness that act? A partner, better adapted to assist m in his lifework, was awaiting the great little an. One searches through the eighteenth cenry in vain for anything more beautiful than ie ideal wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. et us not forget who made that happiness posble.

So, too, Peg, though she could not see her ay to marry Angelo, was at least instrumental providing him with a charming helpmate. he had the disinterestedness of a highly generıs nature, a phase of her curiously complex naracter never better revealed than at that elancholy juncture when the embers of a wanıg passion were slowly dying out. At this crisis their emotional experience, one night towards ie close of the year 1754, the two happened to viewing a performance at Drury Lane from ie snug recesses of a private box. During one f the intervals Peg had been carefully scrutinizıg the assembly, and after gazing for some me at a young girl seated in an opposite box the lower circle, handed her opera-glass to her mpanion and said, "Do take a look at that ung lady—I vow and protest she is as beautiıl as an angel." Angelo complied, and at once ecame imbued with a desire to add a terminal owel to the description. It was indeed love at first ght, love that impelled him to move heaven



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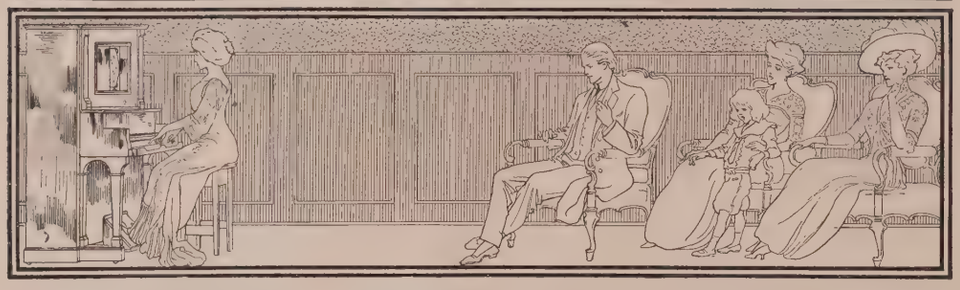

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and earth to obtain his charmer's acquaintance. Inquiries showed that she was a Miss Masters, daughter of a deceased naval officer. Angelo pressed his suit with all the ardor of his warm Southern nature, and had the satisfaction of leading her to the altar in February, 1755. An accessory before the fact, Peg bore her desertion with philosophic equanimity. Consolation was afforded her for the time being by the attentions of Colonel Caesar, who was not by any means her sole remaining hope, although my Lord Tyrawley did so far exercise his wit at her expense as to say that it was a case of *"aut Caesar aut nullus."* W. J. LAWRENCE.

Opening of the Dramatic Season

(*Continued from page 78*)

known; "The Barefoot Dancer," the music of which is by Albini, the noted composer of "Mme. Troubadour;" "Cousin Bobby," "The Beggar Student," "The Queen of the Night," by the composers of "The Merry Widow;" "The Blue Club," "Ladies' Day," "Madame Flirt," the book of which is by Leonard Liebling; "Love in Pawn," "Marriage in Sport," "Kean," and "The Royal Box." "Trilby," the music of which is by Victor Herbert, will also be presented by the Shuberts this season. These managers will also bring Gaby Deslys over for the Winter Garden, and there are several new acts to be imported for the Hippodrome.

Some of the musical offerings which A. H. Woods will present, besides his other attractions, are "Tantalizing Tommy," by Michael Morton and Hugo Felix; "Modest Suzanne," another Vienna musical comedy; "The Pretty Little Milliner," "Slumming," "The Prosecuting Attorney," "The Widow Wise," "Love's Agency," "The Dancer of Cairo." Among the Whitney musical attractions are: "Thermidor," "Baron Trenck," "At Last Alone," "The Whip," "The Girl from Maxim's," and two new operettas by Oscar Strauss.

There is also scheduled a new opera by the composer of "The Spring Maid," called "The Forbidden Kiss," and "The Jolly Peasant," by Leo Fall, in which George Marion will be starred. "The Quaker Girl," which has had great success in London, will present Lucy Weston in the leading rôle. "The Violet Widow," "The Merry Bachelor," "The Bigamists," "The Doll Girl," "The Singing Teacher," are other musical productions.

Marguerite Sylva, in Franz Lehar's new comic opera, "Gypsy Love," will be seen at the Globe Theatre early in the season. Fritzi Scheff, in "The Duchess," by Joseph Herbert, and Harry B. Smith, with music by Victor Herbert, will be an early metropolitan offering. Donald Brian will star in "The Siren," a musical play by the author of "The Dollar Princess." Julia Sanderson and Frank Moulan will be in the cast. "Boy or Girl" is another Viennese operetta scheduled for a big success.

The Shuberts have arranged for another American tour by the well-known English actor-manager, Martin Harvey. He will be seen here in Max Reinhardt's big production of "Oedipus Rex," at the Manhattan Opera House. Professor Reinhardt will also present Offenbach's "Die Schone Helene" and "Sumurun," a pantomime which had extraordinary success at the Deutches Theaatre in Berlin. The Lieblers have made arrangements with Lady Gregory for a twelve weeks' tour of the Irish Players. They will appear in a repertoire of their most successful plays. "The Count of Luxumbourg," the London musical comedy hit, has been secured by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and will be produced here about January 1. "The Primrose Villa" is another musical play secured by this firm for production here.

Daniel Frohman will open the Lyceum Theatre the first week in September with a new play by a new American author. It is described as a modern American domestic comedy in three acts, entitled "Thy Neighbor's Wife." In the cast will be Arthur Byron, Frederick Tiden, Pamela Gaythorne, and Alice John. This production will be followed by Charles Frohman's attractions, the first one being Billie Burke in her new play, "The Runaway."

Joseph Weber will produce out of town in October a comedy by George V. Hobart, entitled "Senorita." The piece will be seen in New York about Christmas time.

Before the season is over Mr. Weber will probably go on a short tour at the head of an "all star" burlesque company. His theatre in New York will play his attractions exclusively.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 79)

quality, and unless prognostications go awry, she will soon be hunting for something to take its place.

"The Real Thing" tells a pretty little story. While every play should have its story, it does not necessarily follow that every story has within it the nucleus of a play. And that is the main and vital trouble with Mrs. Cushing's piece. There is nothing dramatic about it, even in a comedy sense, while its purport is so perfectly obvious and its conclusion so absolutely cut and dried that there is no element of suspense.

Kate Grayson, from a misdirected sense of domestic duty, is slowly but surely losing her husband, because she thinks of nothing but the children and the house. A widowed sister, Jess Lorraine, visits her, takes in the situation at a glance and proceeds to set things right. The children are relegated to their proper sphere, the wife begins to renew the charms and graces that originally drew the husband to her; his little flirtations come to an end, and, after a preposterous misunderstanding between Jess and an old beau, the widow gets a new husband. All this is accomplished in a very conventional manner, but the characters of the wife, the widow and the children are dexterously drawn, and there are individual episodes of up-to date humor, and some of the dialogue has the real fresh and observant wit that characterizes so much of the work of modern women writers.

As the widow, Miss Crosman, looking very pretty and gowned most charmingly, acts with all finished detail, lively imagination, delicate sentiment and irresistible humor. It is a veritable creation in high comedy. The wife is equally well portrayed by Minnie Dupree, whose appeal is natural, simple and sure. The two children are played with such fidelity and skill that long before the evening is over they have stamped themselves as perfect nuisances. As the old beau, Tom Bradley, Albert Brown's humor is stodgy, and what Frank Mills thinks the husband is, is quite beyond comprehension. For a comparatively young and talented player to load his work down with such a mass of ridiculous mannerisms is nothing less than sad.

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An extraordinary reflection of Hofmann's dominant personality is found in his first two Columbia recordings now issued as one Columbia Double-Disc. His playing of Rachmaninoff's celebrated Prelude in C Sharp Minor is marked by a grandeur of style and depth of poetic imagination that none who has ever heard his interpretation can forget, and in Schubert's superb Military March, as transcribed by Taussig, is found certainly the most marvelous crescendo ever recorded, commencing as it does with a barely audible *pianissimo*.

Lehar Coming to America

Franz Lehar, the well-known composer of "The Merry Widow," is coming to America. A. H. Woods, the manager, prevailed upon the famous composer to make his first visit to the United States to conduct the initial performance of "Gypsy Love," which Marguerite Sylva will present at the Globe Theatre on Monday, October 30. Mr. Lehar considers "Gypsy Love" his masterpiece. This composer's visit will be an important event in musical and theatrical circles. Such important composers and musicians as Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven and Frank Damrosch will be on the reception committee, and Manager A. H. Woods is arranging with Arthur Pryor and his band to escort Lehar from the ship's landing to his hotel. A novel feature of the escort will be the playing of airs from Lehar's operas, "Gypsy Love," "The Count of Luxemburg" and "The Merry Widow." Marc Klaw, Henry W. Savage and A. H. Woods, who control three of Lehar's big musical works for America, will give the composer a banquet on Tuesday, October 31st, following the opening of "Gypsy Love," to which all the important managers and musicians will be invited.

All the Music of All the World

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1NORDICA, 2FREMSTAD, 3MARY GARDEN, 4ALICE NIELSEN, 5ZENATELLO, 6BONCI, 7CAVALIERI, 8CONSTANTINO, 9LIPKOWSKA, 10BAKLANOFF, 11AMATO, 12McCORMACK, 13BONINSEGNA, 14EMMY DESTINN, 15SAMMARCO, 16ANSELMI, 17MARDONES.

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RICHARD WAGNER

(*Continued from page* 81)

working with a young baritone named Mitterwurzer, who was to create the rôle of Wolfram in "Tannhäuser":

"I began by going through the opening song of this scene (Singing Contest) with him; but after I had done my utmost to make him understand how I wanted it done, I was surprised to find how difficult this particular rendering of the music appeared to him. He was absolutely incapable of repeating it after me, . . . and was, too, astonished at his own want of capacity, but was so struck with the novelty and justice of my views that he begged me not to try any more for the present, but to leave him find out for himself how best to become familiar with this newly revealed world. During several rehearsals he only sang in a whisper in order to get over the difficulty, but at the last rehearsal he acquitted himself so admirably of his task, and threw himself into it so heartily, that his work has remained to this day my most conclusive reason for believing that, in spite of the unsatisfactory state of the world of opera today, it is possible not only to find, but also properly to train, the singer whom I should regard as indispensable for a correct interpretation of my works. It was through the impression made by Mitterwurzer that I ultimately succeeded in making the public understand the whole of my work."

Such glimpses are vitally interesting, and it seems a pity that the two volumes do not contain many more of them. They show the real artist, the man possessed by artistic principles, that were meant to and did revolutionize the world of opera.

It is a pity that these intimate records stop in 1864, just when Wagner is sent for by King Ludwig, who then becomes his royal patron, and who, for a while at least, makes it possible for this dreamer and composer to turn some of his bigger creative dreams into realities. The ending of the second volume is so abrupt as to make one hope that at some time—possibly after the death of Wagner's second wife, Cosima—there may be a supplementary volume of autobiography, dealing with the end of the life of this genius, who was immeasurably great in great things and despicably petty in the little affairs of life. XX.

Messrs. Liebler & Co. have decided to eliminate the orchestra from the Auditorium of the Century Theatre when "The Garden of Allah" is produced.

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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT FAVORS CARTHUSIAN ORDER IN FIGHT TO PROTECT SECRET OF ITS LIQUEUR.

By the decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade mark did not constitute abandonment, and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States. —New York *Herald*, June 20, 1911.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (August 20th): "The Girl of My Dreams," at the Criterion; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "The Follies of 1911," on the New York Roof; "The Red Rose," at the Globe; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "He Came from Milwaukee," at the Casino; "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-ninth Street; "The Real Thing," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Hen Pecks," at the Broadway; The Folies Bergere and The Russian Ballet at the Winter Garden.

The Intimate Theatre

(*Concluded from page ix*)

to consult within ourselves, to compare and pass judgment in the light of our experience: This thing is, or is not, true.

Here is the end toward which the realistic playwright and actor have been working—to weld our thoughts to the thought and feeling of the characters. It is not enough with him to eliminate the fourth wall of the room. He must bathe our minds in its atmosphere, electrify us with the issues he creates, make us glow with the good humor of his characters and their comedy.

And this is the use of the intimate theatre, to facilitate the temporary transmigration of souls over the footlights. In its auditorium the spectator can live the play, keeping step with the thought of the characters. A flicker of a smile, a turn of the hand does not escape him. A whisper can be heard in the last row. The gap has been closed; the three sides of the triangle which author, actor and audience form have been joined by the American architect.

All this would seem to indicate that the American drama, over which we have been clucking so long in embryo, is emerging from the shell. It is still too young to scratch for itself. It lacks a sense of direction, and it deserves to be gathered under some protecting wing. The New Theatre enterprise showed a disposition on the part of some New York patrons of the arts to accord the claims of the theatre a degree of recognition. As it happened, the provision made was better fitted for a full-fledged fowl, a prize bird, than for a chick that sorely needs the comfort of the brooder.

About all that could be expected from the New Theatre's programme for fostering the American drama was that two blades of grass might grow where one grew before.

Let us suppose that, instead of one awe-inspiring playhouse, a comfortable theatre of moderate size were to be built in each of the five leading cities of the Atlantic coast. Every production these co-operative theatres made would be played for a week or more in each city. This would require a corps of producers and an equipment little or no larger than the New Theatre has employed. More actors would be needed, but a majority of them would be earning their salaries every day in the week. In two seasons this organization should have a repertoire of sufficient length and variety that it need never be embarrassed for a play. Under these conditions playwrights of established reputation would submit their work, whereas at the New Theatre plays were limited to so few performances that they would have been compelled to suffer a decided financial loss.

In connection with some such system there would be opportunity to train young actors and writers, instead of letting them live by picking up crumbs of their education here and there. Plays and actors which show some promise could be tried out at an occasional matinee performance. Then the young authors would have a practical demonstration of their delinquencies, and the coming generation of players could learn things from eminent actors and producers which it might take them years to stumble on in the haphazard work of the road.

Apart from its other features, the economy of the idea has its appeal. For it is patent that five such theatres could be operated more economically, *pro rata*, than one of the New Theatre type—particularly since there would be audiences in the five separate communities for every production. Undoubtedly there are men of means in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington who would readily accept an invitation to co-operate with the founders of the New Theatre.

On such a foundation a drama should be built through which the national consciousness might awake and express itself. For the stage makes a universal appeal. Of all the arts it is the most plain spoken and the most popular. As a molder of public opinion it is only rivaled by the magazines and newspapers; and it is probably the strongest single influence in the shaping of human conduct in this country to-day. With a gibe and a leer it may pervert morals; by the keen cut of its wit it lays bare the shams and hypocrisies with which we cloak our faults. By scenes of light and color, grace and charm it lures us to higher planes of living, or by glimpses of our lower nature it arms us against the dangers of a refined barbarism. It educates by flashes; it comforts and cajoles us. And we shuffle into our coats at the fall of the curtain blinking a mist of tears from our eyes, ready to pledge ourselves to life anew, ready to emulate in the rounds of our existence the courage and buoyancy of the idols of our fancy.

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo Felix

MLLE. GOODRICH

Evening wrap in white silk, richly embroidered. The bias trimming bands are of blue satin

Timely Hints on New Materials, Colors and Cut

THE styles which have gradually been making their appearance during the last week or so show no divergence from the straightline, narrow silhouette that was the marked feature, not to say oddity, of the spring fashions. Designers have pose tissue, but when was there ever a time that the fashion authorities gave ear to her requirements? Always they have had in mind the ideal female figure, and this ideal has become so prominent and insistent during the past few years that individual women burdened

Photo Felix

MLLE. ANDRAL

Ravishing gown of cream satin, veiled with mousseline de soie, embroidered with gold beads and encrusted with lace. Girdle of gold

become accustomed to working upon straight lines, hence the productions of the new season are a great artistic advance upon those with which we were overwhelmed six months ago.

The majority of women will find little to disapprove of in the new fashions, and much that is both admirable and commendable, for the styles are generally well suited to the requirements of the average woman. To be sure, little attention has been paid to the woman carrying a superfluous amount of adi- with extra avoirdupois have called all modern aids to their assistance in their endeavors to conform to that ideal figure.

The result is that the present generation is fast learning that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and therefore they are not allowing themselves to grow stout. It is the insistent desire to remain young that makes women shun growing stout. The old saying that a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks, is no doubt at the root of the whole mystery. Woman

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ADVANCE NOTES ON SILKS FOR AUTUMN WEAR FROM VANTINE'S

IN texture and color the new silks from the Orient are more bewildering than they have been for many a season. Delicately soft and supple, they fall gracefully into the long, sinuous folds decreed by fashion in the wondrously draped frocks for the Fall and Winter. The range of color is a long one, extending from the black and white combinations through the rich coronation tints of royal purple. From blue, empire green, gold and coronation red to the subtle tints. The exquisitely shaded effects are positively alluring in their beauty.

Nothing could be lovelier than the Japanese Crepes in their exquisite colorings, soft yet rich, vivid without being harsh. The entire gamut of the rainbow hues with all imaginary complementary colorings are represented. These delectable materials are forty-three inches wide and sell from $3.00 to $5.00 a yard.

An admirable fabric in a heavy weight is the Chinese Canton Crepe. It is 24, 27 and 43 in. in width, and comes in black, navy, plum, raisin, castor, callot, taupe and midnight navy and sells for $2.50 to $5.00.

Most stunning gowns are made from self colored hand embroidered Chinese Canton Crepe which comes in all the new shades and in black and white, 28-in. wide, $5.00 to $8.00 a yard.

Habutai Silks are also in favor this season because of their adaptability to the required soft draping effects. They were sent from Japan to Lyons to be dyed in the exclusive colors sold by Vantine. They come in plain black and plain white at .50 to $2.50 a yard—27 and 36 in. wide; also in all shades, plain colors, 27 to 36 in. wide, .70 to $1.75 a yard.

Chinese hand-loom Pongees that are delightfully soft and clinging and yet with sufficient body to hold the tailored lines well. May be used for dresses, motor coats and wraps. In natural color, 34-in. wide, $1.25 to $4.50 a yard.

Satin, it is promised, is to enjoy greater popularity than ever before. The plain 36-in. satins in all colors can be bought for $2.00 a yard.

Chinese and Japanese Brocades and Damasks are being shown in all the Paris wraps. They come in the most beautiful silver and gold combinations, with dull blues, plum, green and grey. They are also ideal for trimmings. Prices from $2.50 to $25.00 a yard, 24 and 27 in. wide.

Mandarin Bands for trimming will be much used; the range of designs is such that practically any color combination is possible. The bands come in pairs, selling from $2.50 to $6.00 per pair.

These items give but a suggestion of what the Fall fashions will demand, and but a taste of the wide range of silks and satins to be found at Vantine's.

We will be pleased to send you samples of the particular silks in which you are interested. State preference in colorings and weaves, and samples will be mailed at once.

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Photo Felix MLLE. D'AUMAIL

A charming model in mousseline, printed in a deeply pointed design outlined with small beads. A large chou is shown at the waist

Photo Felix MLLE. MARGEL

Model in liberty satin, veiled with mousseline de soie. The tunic is gathered into a band of satin, richly embroidered

has evidently decided that no longer shall man have this great advantage. Woman's entrance into business life must also be taken into account, for it certainly has a considerable bearing upon the question.

Just as men in their endeavors to keep their positions shaved off their beards in which the silver threads began to appear among the gold or black, so women engaged in work outside the home have found it advantageous to keep slim and slender. This fact has been, perhaps unconsciously, recognized by the home-keeping, luxury loving women, with the result that we are fast becoming a nation of slender, graceful women.

For those to whom they are suited, or who will adapt their manners to them, there are a number of quaintly pretty fashions that are especially attractive. Indeed, this picturesque note is one that promises to become more and more prominent as the season advances. Of course, it is held somewhat in abeyance in the new tailored suits, those smart, practical garments that are so much a part and joy of most American women's lives. This autumn the tailored suits are to take on quite a different character from that of past seasons, owing to the materials employed in their construction. For the smart new cloths are all rough surfaced goods. They are thoroughly practical and serviceable, and are delightfully warm without being heavy.

Cloths are actually sufficiently warm for the wearers not to present a pinched and shivery appearance with the approach of the early frosts. And this advantage is directly owing to the vogue of the narrow skirt and short jackets. The best of the new cloths, such as the Worumbo velours and ratines, are so soft that they feel like down, and yet they are made of a fine cachemire yarn, which renders them practically non-crushable.

Wool velours is an entirely new cloth with a velvety surface as the name implies. Wool velours and ratine seem to be the two rough surfaced cloths that will be most favored for the construction of the new tailored suits of rather dressy aspect. Then there are peau de souris and peau de gazelle, two lovely soft cloths of rather lustrous surface, which to those not versed in textiles look not unlike a very fine quality of camel's-hair broadcloth. They have only a slightly hairy surface, and come in both plain and striped effects. They are admirably suited to the construction of both tailored suits and dresses, and will undoubtedly be much used for both these purposes.

With the advent of rough surfaced goods the closely sheared zibelines are certain to be much in demand in the better qualities. The other day I was shown a lovely French model made of black zibeline, which struck me as unusually attractive, though the effect was far from striking. It was a three-piece suit, the coat about thirty inches long being ornamented with black Sida floss embroidery worked directly to the zibeline. The fronts were slightly cutaway and rounded below the bust, and the entire edge bordered with a sewing silk fringe some five inches deep.

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Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the sauvity of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

LENTHÉRIC

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Photo Felix MLLE. V. MAELEC

A striking gown in orange satin. The bottom of the skirt and the fichu are embroidered. The tunic of mousseline is printed in a pompadour design

The gown was cut in classic princess style, that is, it fitted the figure, and showed it off to the greatest advantage. While the skirt came just a trifle above the normal waistline, it did not bear the least semblance to the Empire effect. This skirt was made with a slight train, but the model could, and will, be just as well carried out in an instep length skirt. There were two pieces to this skirt, back and front. The back piece lapped over the front to not quite the centre of the hips, and here there was a divergence from the dominating straight line, for this line showed a slight and exceedingly pretty movement towards the back. The corsage was made with a handsomely embroidered piece. This was rounded down front and back to show the guimpe of black net made over an écru lace lining. The embroidery extended over the shoulders, and reached the skirt in both front and back.

While plain skirts will undoubtedly be much used for tailored suits, there will evidently be an effort made to introduce the tunic skirt for this purpose. There are some excellent models in tunic skirts for tailored suits, but unless they are well executed the plain skirt is far more preferable. It takes art combined with skill to make a good tunic skirt in cloth, so it is probable that for this season at least the tailored tunic skirt will remain among the more exclusive styles.

One of the good ideas in the plain skirts is a four-gored slashed skirt. The gores are all about the same width, one for the front, one for the back, and one each for the sides. These are slashed for about ten inches at each seam, and there is a petticoat of messaline made with a deep accordion plaited flounce, so that when the slashes open as the wearer walks the contrasting color of the messaline flounce comes into view. The idea is a good one, but might be improved upon by using a plain petticoat of heavy satin, moiré, or even velvet of the same color as the cloth skirt, or if a contrast is desired one of a slightly different shade. The use of a contrasting color savors too much of the ballet costumes seen in some of the Broadway shows to appeal to the more elegant American women. I know a woman with independent views about dress who has decided that this form of slashed skirt will be ideal for rainy day wear, but instead of the silk petticoat she intends to substitute a pair of ankle length black satin Turkish trousers. Undoubtedly that will sound shocking to many readers, but the truth of the matter is that it will be far more modest and comfortable than most rough weather costumes.

I had an interesting letter a few days ago from one of the autumn brides-to-be, who asked for information about materials other than satin for her wedding gown. For the benefit of others who may desire the same information, though they have not written for it, I will say that I counciled some one of the pretty crêpes or brocades that Vantine is showing in such abundance. They are generally forty-four inches wide, and range in price from $2.50 to $4. I found some that were unusually attractive and well worth the money at $3.50. They will make ideal wedding gowns, the kind that can be handed down from one generation to another,

Photo Felix MLLE. DE SIGNY

Autumn tailor-made of light gray diagonal. The collar and large revers are faced with white cloth

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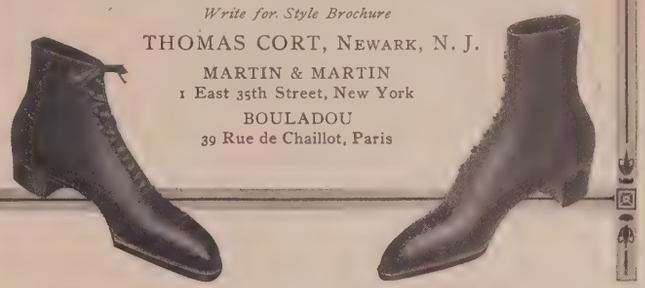

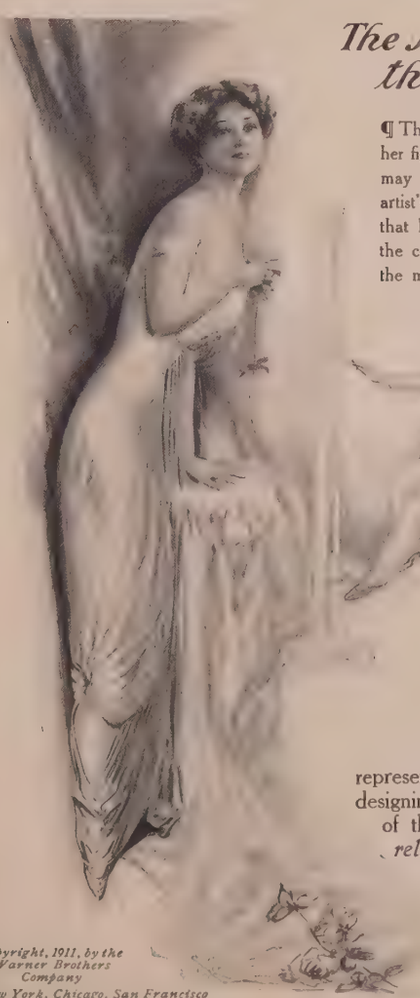

The Artist is the Critic

¶ The fashionable woman knows that her figure is made by the corset. She may have beautiful lines from the artist's point of view, but she knows that her form must be modelled by the corset into the contour which is the mode.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets

represent the best there is in corset designing and making. ¶Every part of the figure in a Redfern is *relaxed.* This pliancy, while not due to any one feature, is largely due to the nature of the boning which is the *rarest whalebones.*

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Sold by Leading Shops at $15.00 down to $3.50 per pair

and look as stunning fifty or sixty years from now as they do to-day. Several brides of the past spring season had the sentiment to wear their grandmothers' wedding gowns. I think the idea is lovely, only so few girls of the present generation stop to think of the pleasure they may be giving their granddaughters by selecting a material and style of wedding gown that will always be artistic.

The Vantine brocaded crêpes and satins will require little other ornamentation beyond a bit of good lace for the neck and sleeve trimming. This should, of course, be hand-made lace, of whatever kind the bride likes best. If she be the possessor of some lovely old lace that has been in the family for some time she is indeed lucky.

One word about the arrangement of the veil. The lace veil is only within the reach of the very wealthy, unless it is a family possession, hence the tulle veil is that generally worn. It should be sufficiently long to reach the end of the train, which is only moderately long. The objection to much of the tulle sold for veils is that it is too stiff to hang in graceful folds. I believe that there is a wide tulle made now which is not stiff. Even so, it is not becoming to mass a great bunch of tulle on the head. It is a good thing to get your milliner to make you a narrow white satin bandeau that will entirely encircle the head. This bandeau must fit your head and be not more than half an inch wide. Then take the end of tulle that is to be draped on the head and round off the corners. It must be doubled down the centre so as to get the corners even, and should be trimmed from the shoulder up. This does away with a lot of the tulle, and the rest can be plaited or shirred to the bandeau. Then add a little lace cap with a deep lace frill to fall on the hair. Or the tulle can be so arranged as to form the centre of the cap, and only the

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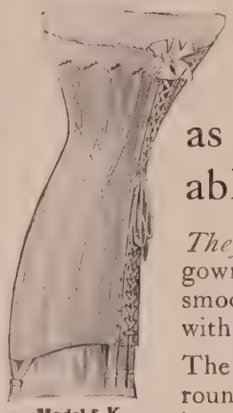

THE Crosby Corsets are the extreme of ease and comfort as well as the height of fashionable form.

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to our readers to visit the Fall Exhibit of Fashions of

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The Leading Fashion Magazine

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The latest imported styles and creations of the leading Parisian couturiers will be shown.

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The exhibit will also include Evening Wraps, Hats, Scarfs, Muffs, and all possible suggestions for the adornment of milady.

Members of the profession are cordially invited.

lace ruffle is required to hide the raw edges of the tulle. This cap is sewed to the bandeau, and all that is necessary when the bride is ready to don her veil is two short, white-headed hatpins to keep the bandeau in place. I have used the bandeau for a dozen years or more, and the brides whose veils I have arranged have never been worn out at the last moment by the maladministrations of a flustered hairdresser, for the veil can be arranged on the bandeau a week in advance if necessary.

But to return to Vantine. They have some of the new Chinese brocades that will be so much used for hats this autumn. These are intensely vivid combinations of colors that only Eastern people, aside from the French, know how to handle. The Chinese surpass any other of the Eastern nations in the artistic combination of color, as these rich brocades well illustrate. Even in the least expensive of them the colors are admirably combined. These brocades, while they are much seen in the French model hats, could be admirably used for the ornamentation of house gowns, and in small quantities for tailored suits.

While black and white combinations of color continue to be favored, we shall see a greater use of rather brilliant color than has been in vogue for some years. Browns in the medium and light shades, which include tans, purple on both the blue and reddish tinges, the golden shades of yellow, and the yellowish shades of red are among the new ideas in color that are much spoken of wherever those who are interested in the new fashions are gathered. There are various reasons given for this tendency to brighter colors, but the probability is that those authorities who are responsible for the revival realize that the many women have grown rather tired of the sombre hues in which they have been attired for the past two or three years, and crave a change; therefore, the time is opportune for the introduction of shades.

For the last three years women have been wearing blue serge almost as though they were an army and blue serge the accepted uniform. It has the advantage of being generally a good wearing material, though the most expert judge can never tell the serge that will be immune from wearing shiny. The English and Scotch mixtures are even more reliable for their excellent wearing qualities. They are splendid in the different weights for the construction of separate coats as well as tailored suits.

There are a great many double-faced cloths for separate coats. The smartest of these have the reverse side of the same color as the outer surface, but of a slightly different shade. Or these plain colored coatings have the plain reverse side of a decidedly bright contrasting color, as, for example, a dull tan surface has a reverse of royal purple. The coats are full length and button over well to one side by two or three buttons placed just below the waistline. There are all sorts of wide collars,

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¶ R. & T. Silks for Fall and Winter season of 1911 and 1912 embrace every silken fabric decreed by the highest fashion authorities, as well as many original and exclusive fabrics of most fascinating and distinctive character **not** to be found in any other make. Sold in all stores where good merchandise is sold. Always look for this mark on the selvage—

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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers, 26 West 33d Street, New York

cuffs and soft revers for these handsome cloth coats, which are made of the reverse side of the cloth.

I know that all of you will be anxious to see the fall opening of one of the most prominent fashion magazines in the country, *L'Art de la Mode*. I have very seldom seen such lovely afternoon and evening gowns or more handsome evening wraps. I am giving you inside information, as invitations are limited to the trade, but the publishers are willing that my readers should visit the exhibit, at any hour on or after September 5th. You will find the show-rooms on the ninth floor of the Murray Hill Building, 8 West 38th Street, off Fifth Avenue. Franklin Simon are in the same building, so you will have no difficulty in finding your way.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

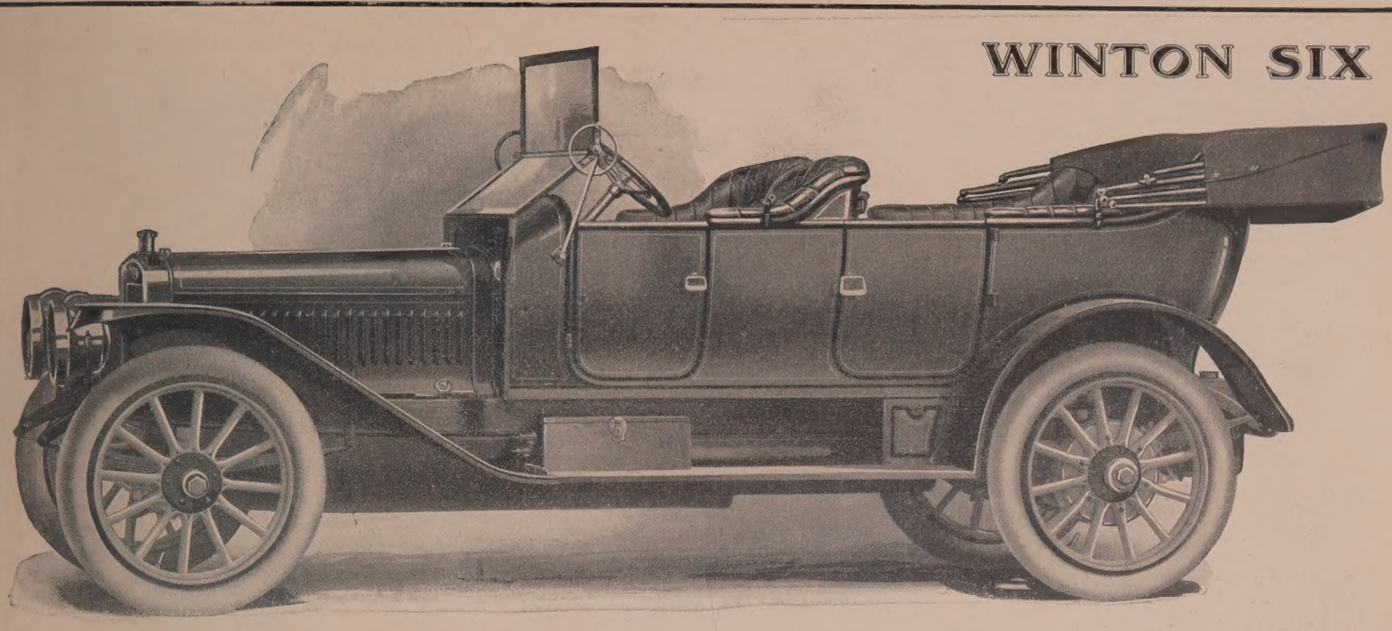
Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

A new idea in the construction of screens seems almost impossible. Yet I came across one the other day that struck me as both unique and clever. The screen itself was a four-fold one, which could be so turned back as to imitate a three-fold one. But the oddity in the screen was that each fold had a sliding panel that looked somewhat like a tiny window. It was arranged in a Japanese lattice design that was very artistic. This sliding panel was about one foot high and occupied the lower portion of the upper part of the screen. The top part was a solid panel with a view of the famous Japanese mountain. One can imagine all sorts of artistic possibilities and decorations in the use of such a screen. For instance, by placing growing plants back of the screen one could obtain the effect of a vast amount of space in a confined interior. And the price, fifteen dollars, is so modest for this new screen that it is really worth experimenting with by women with artistic tendencies for decorations.

A sachet with an original and delicious perfume, which has become a great favorite with many women, has recently been put up in a new and most attractive form. The glass-stoppered bottle adds much to the convenience in using it, and appeals to the more exacting women because of its hygienic qualities. The sample packages of this sachet are unique and artistic in their small envelopes made of a gold embossed, dull brown paper, with a gorgeous colored design in peacock feathers. A penetrating yet subtle and distinctive perfume attaches to a little known toilet water made by the same firm.

Wisteria Blossoms



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Ideas About Price

This talk is about *price.*

People are so apt to think that they must pay high prices to secure satisfactory quality that many a man blindly does himself a monetary injustice.

You can avoid that mistake by knowing why the Winton Six can be and is a first quality car, and still sell at so low a price as $3000.

Facts About Price

In the first place, the Winton Six has not had to undergo expensive changes. Therefore, you are not required to pay for any previous mistakes, or for new machinery to cure those mistakes with. By making the same model year after year (now for the fifth season) Winton Six manufacturing expense has been reduced to the minimum.

Furthermore, business efficiency has for years been the Winton keynote. From the president down, every man connected with the Winton Company is a producer: not one of them is an unproductive expense.

Keeping Down the Cost

The Winton Company delivers the Winton Six to its buyers at the lowest possible intermediate expense. We do not allow excessive discounts to salesmen.

Further still, the Winton Company owns its own plant and equipment, and its own branch houses and equipment, scot free from debt and from obligations of every kind. We have no mortgages or bonds that must be redeemed at the Winton Six buyer's expense. We have no water in our stock and we have been guilty of no deals in high finance.

We Are Manufacturers

Our entire business is right down to bed rock commercial principles. Ours is a *manufacturing* plant—not an exhibit of mahogany desks, plate glass and Turkish rugs. We have abundant capital for legitimate manufacturing purposes, but not a cent for any expenditure that would tend to make the car buyer pay for more than he actually gets in return.

Automobile prices always include every item of expense that the maker encounters. The more bonds, mortgages, water, high finance, unproductive labor, plate glass and red tape a maker puts on, the more he must ask for his car.

Expense Without Benefit

But we have yet to learn that any one of these items of expense helps to put better material or better workmanship into a car, or makes it run better or endure longer.

Let anybody show us that we can increase the actual benefit to our patrons by means of mortgages, red tape, etc., and, at least, we shall be earnest listeners. For the Winton policy is:

First—The very best car that a genuinely thorough factory and skilled men can produce.

Second—And this at the lowest price that will return us a reasonable profit.

Some of the Results

We have carried out that policy for years. We are carrying it out to-day. That's why we have more orders on our books to-day than ever before at this period of year, more satisfied owners of Winton Six cars than ever before, and more right to ask you to investigate the Winton Six than ever before.

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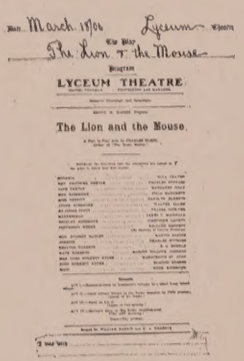

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THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

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Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the plays and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.

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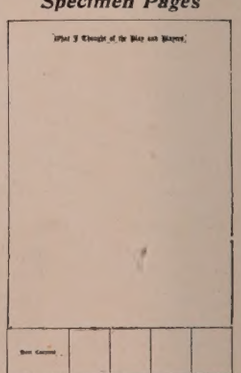

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York

CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1911

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Lucy Weston		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Miss Jack"		
TITLE PAGE: Scene in "A Single Man."		111
AT THE PLAYHOUSE: "Œdipus Rex," "Miss Jack," "The Fascinating Widow," "A Single Man," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Snobs," "Thy Neighbor's Wife," "Maggie Pepper," "Passers-By," "Speed," "The Siren," "A Man of Honor," "Modern Marriage," "The Woman," and the Hippodrome.		112
MME. SIMONE COMES TO AMERICA—Illustrated		118
MIKAIL MORDKIN—Full-page plate		119
SCENES IN "THE SIREN"—Full-page plate		120
GRIEVANCES OF A DEADHEAD	*A Passer-In*	121
THE REVIVAL OF GREEK DRAMA—Illustrated	*Bertha Hofflund*	122
TO ISADORA DUNCAN—Poem—Illustrated	*Ethel M. Nelson*	122
PLAYING THE PREACHER—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	124
SCENES IN "AROUND THE WORLD"—Full-page plate		125
EARLY GLIMPSES OF STAGE FAVORITES—Full-page plate		127
THE MAETERLINCKS—Illustrated	*Brander de Rennes*	128
THE GREATEST SCANDINAVIAN HAMLET—Illustrated	*Arthur Swan*	131
LEWIS WALLER—ENGLAND'S ROMANTIC ACTOR—Illustrated	*J. G. P.*	132
LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V—Full-page plate		133
A PIONEER WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT—Illustrated	*Grace Bigelow Patten*	134
DONALD BRIAN IN "THE SIREN"—Full-page plate		135
SCENES IN "SNOBS"—Full-page plate		139
SCHLIERSEE AND ITS PEASANT PLAYERS—Illustrated	*William Armstrong*	140
EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT	*Petronius*	143
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Harriet Edwards Fayes*	xx

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